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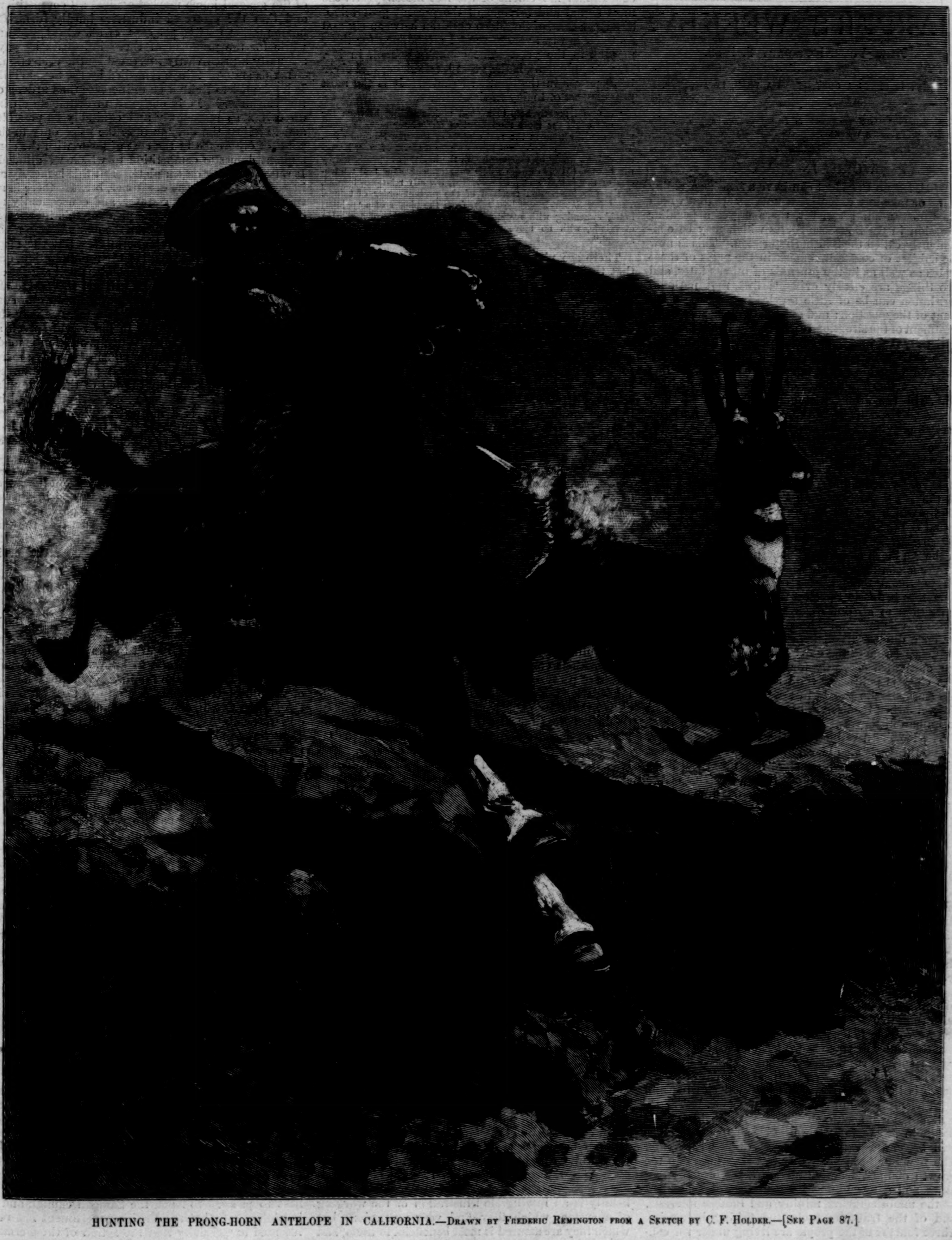

HUNTING THE PRONG-HORN ANTELOPE IN CALIFORNIA.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON FROM A SKETCH BY C. F. HOLDER.—[SEE PAGE 87.]

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

WORDS IN SEASON.

WHILE no President can have a Southern policy or take any executive course except that which the Constitution prescribes, there is yet a peculiar situation in the Southern States which may be conveniently called the Southern question. This is now the subject of constant remark in the press of those States as well as in the journals of other States, and two things are clearly evident: first, that national legislation can be of little service in the wise treatment of the question; and second, that the successful treatment of the situation can be reached only through a friendly and intelligent sympathy, and not through mere party spirit. We have seen no more interesting and valuable paper upon the subject than one upon "Northern Estimates of Southern Life and Affairs," in the January number of the *Unitarian Review*, by AMORY D. MAYO. Mr. MAYO, who is an exceedingly intelligent, observant, and devoted man, says: "For the past eight years at midsummer I have come northward from an eight months' ministry of education through all the Southern States," and every year he finds among "the superior people" of the Northern States an "insane absorption" in affairs which is fatal to any just conception of the actual Southern situation. This class of intelligent citizens Mr. MAYO holds to be substantially the same in the Southern as in the Northern States, but in the former a smaller class and more closely united. In his judgment the progress of the Southern States since 1865 is due to the class that brought on the war more than to all other causes combined, and ignorance of this fact, and the assumption that it is altogether a dull, obstructive, and Bourbon element and influence, is one of the chief errors of Northern opinion, cultivated carefully for party purposes. That this class is politically solid is due to the fact that the Anglo-Saxon people in the Southern States cannot yet adjust themselves to a situation unparalleled in human history.

The Northern estimate of the negro question, Mr. MAYO thinks, is also largely a misconception. That his political enfranchisement "has not ruined the South is an equal testimony to the capacity of the negro and the practical sense of the dominant race." He finds much encouragement for a wise solution of this "most difficult social and political problem now up in any civilized land." First, there is no danger of hopeless poverty for industrious and temperate laborers, and $100,000,000 is a moderate estimate of their savings in twenty years. Second, a negro exodus is impossible. "He is a more confirmed Southerner than the white man." Third, he will be lifted finally by his own superior class. His present condition teaches him the American art of self-reliance. It is a marvel that there is so little friction between the races, and infinite mischief "is prevented by the working together of the sober, order-loving Christian people of both races in every community." Fourth, in eight border States the vote is no more tampered with than in the Northern States. In the Gulf States the negro vote is bought and sold on local questions like the ignorant vote elsewhere. Fifth, the real difficulty springs from the exceeding disparity in every way between the races. "But it is fortunate that the negro is in contact with "the least enterprising and most leisurely end of the American people." The intelligent North should co-operate with the intelligent South in advancing "our brother in black," and he will become a valuable element of American life. The new Southern prosperity Mr. MAYO finds in the growth of upland agriculture, of a few dozen small cities and a few hundred villages, the development of the manufacturing, mining, and lumber interests, and of the fruit, vegetable, and fishing industries. Three-fourths of the people are living under the conditions of border life, and three-fourths of the colored and almost a third of the white population are practically illiterate. The superior class is widely scattered, and too much absorbed in making a living to control effectively the cruder elements.

> "But nowhere on earth is there a nobler, more courageous, persistent, self-sacrificing, and often broad-minded class working for everything worth having than in every Southern State. That it does not send more of its representatives to Congress or receive due acknowledgment at the hands of the political and ecclesiastical managers of the North is its temporary misfortune."

But he thinks that unquestionably "the South" is thoroughly embarked in building a democratic-republican order of society. "There is just as much danger of the Catholic priesthood destroying the American common school as of the Southern Bourbon squad shaping the future of Southern civilization." The most significant omen is the Southern educational movement of the last fifteen years, the most signal and forcible of the present generation. Sixty per cent. of Southern children between six and fourteen are in average school attendance for three months in the year. The common school, in Mr. MAYO'S judgment, is the great humanizing and civilizing power in the Southern States. It is the most notable fact of to-day in those States.

> "It would greatly help to a good understanding between the sections could the more thoughtful of our winter tourists spend more of their time in the real centres of the new Southern life. There are scores of pleasant towns where a group of good Northern visitors would be welcomed with the heartiest appreciation by the foremost people of the whole country, where the real tendencies of the new life could be studied, friendly relations formed, and a fair impression received of the present order of things. The 'New South' is not best seen from the piazza of a 'palatial hotel,' swarming with restless visitors, on the edge of a Florida everglade, with no movement of life in the desolate country around."

There are plenty of signs in the Northern States that their coming problems are of a kind in which "the solid Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, conservative South will be a welcome ally." Mr. MAYO holds, therefore, that the plain, patriotic, and humane duty of wise Americans is not to exacerbate sectional and partisan passions, but to aim at hearty, sympathetic, and energetic co-operation. He believes that one form of it may well be national aid to the educational efforts of the Southern States. Yet while that course seems to us less plainly desirable than to him, the spirit and purpose of his paper are as generous and patriotic as his qualifications for treating the subject are exceptionally high. Mr. MAYO is a Yankee, an old antislavery man, and, we presume, Republican. In any case his views and the spirit of his views are those of a great many old antislavery Yankees and original Republicans, and may well be considered whenever legislation upon the subject is proposed in Congress.

THE SENATE TARIFF BILL.

THE Republican position upon a protective tariff in the late election was so extreme as to repel old Whigs and Republicans like ex-Secretary MCCULLOCH and Judge DICKSON in Ohio and Chancellor PIERSON in New York. The result of the election has confirmed this extreme tendency, and the party shibboleth is conformed to it. This is the natural course of party spirit, and every party leader or ambitious partisan is driven along resistlessly by the accelerated impulse. Under such circumstances moderation and regard for wise traditions disappear. MIRABEAU and the Gironde are superseded and overwhelmed by the bloody triumvirate and the terror. The later Tariff Doctors would have amazed HENRY CLAY, and many of them their earlier selves. The Senate has passed its revision of duties ostensibly to diminish the surplus and to reduce the tariff. But in the face of an enormous surplus the duties upon some of the most important raw materials are increased, and taxes are laid upon universal necessities. The fundamental principle of a protective tariff, as hitherto understood, is the fostering of domestic industry to a point at which it can fairly compete with foreign industry of the same kind The theory is that the protective duty, while excluding the foreign product, will so develop competition of domestic production as to keep the price to the consumer as low as it would be in a free market, while the duties to raise the necessary public revenue could be so adjusted as to provide the desirable protection.

This was substantially the American system. But that it is the principle of the present bill will not be asserted. The bill is not a scheme in which the consideration that governs every detail and rate of duty is an equitable adjustment of the tax so as to prevent burdening the consumer. The duty on sugar, for instance, is reduced one-half, which it is alleged will save twenty-two millions of dollars to the consumer after a bounty of one cent per pound is paid to the producer. But that fact does not explain why, with an enormous surplus, every other producer in the country should be taxed to support this one interest. The whole tariff question is one which peculiarly interests the farmers, and the proposed sugar bounty is an intelligible illustration of the working of a system which they find very mysterious, but which they are assured is most beneficial to them, and which in many parts of the country they warmly support. But if one agricultural product is to be protected by a bounty, why not others? This is a question which they are sure to ask. There is a duty on wheat, but there is no protection, because there is no competition; and, moreover, the domestic price of wheat is fixed, not by the home market, but by the price of the exported surplus, which is unprotected. Thus the farmer is compelled to sell his wheat raised by higher-priced labor at prices fixed by markets in which wheat raised by the cheapest labor competes. This is the burden of a petition presented to Congress by Mr. THOMAS, of Ohio, who asks for a bounty upon wheat. The argument which is urged upon the farmer by the advocates of a sugar bounty and of all the protected industries is that they give him a home market which otherwise he would not have. The intelligent farmer replies that he is sure of the general home market against all competition, and that the protected industries hardly furnish a home market for five per cent. of his wheat. Meanwhile for the products of those industries he pays annually a price vastly increased by the protection.

Is this state of things remedied by the Senate bill? Is it adapted to lighten or to increase the burdens of the consumer? Is it designed to distribute an indirect tax as reasonably and equitably as possible, and to adjust the duty to raise the price only to the point of difference in the cost of labor with the consequent domestic competition to which we alluded? It raises the duty on tin plate. But this is merely an increase of price to the consumer, because there is no tin plate made in this country, and consequently no domestic competition. The plea for this increase is that somebody may undertake the manufacture if the duty should make it remunerative. But the same somebody will be the judge of the remuneration, and if he thinks that it is not sufficient he will ask for an increase of the duty, and he will get it. There are other considerations of a very serious nature in connection with the construction of a tariff which Mr. SCHURZ plainly pointed out in his recent speech at the Commonwealth Club. When protection is made a party issue, and enormous sums of money are required in an election, and great protected interests supply the money, and by the aid of the money the election is carried, and those interests are favored by legislation, there is a natural suspicion that such legislation is not equitable, and that laws are made in the interest, not of the people, but of a moneyed class. The debates in the Senate upon the bill just passed are virtually unknown to the country, for there are few readers of the *Congressional Record*. But the tariff discussions in the press and in conversation, like those lately upon the stump, are very enlightening, and we see no evidence that the tendency toward the extraordinary doctrine of the Republican platform at Chicago becomes stronger in the country.

THE SAMOAN TROUBLE.

THE question whether the United States are likely to go to war with Germany to settle some kind of misunderstanding in regard to the Samoan Islands naturally excites interest to know what and where they are. They are the familiar Navigator's Islands of the older geographies, a group of nine islands in the Pacific Ocean, about three thousand miles from our western coast. The population is about thirty-eight thousand, and the people are generally of a superior grade to other Polynesians. The soil of the islands is rich, and the products have led to a trade which has established some American residents and interests upon the islands, which were formerly held to be under the protection of the United States. Eleven years ago we made a treaty with the agent of the chiefs of the Samoan government, and by that treaty and similar agreements with Great Britain and Germany the autonomy and neutrality of the islands were guaranteed. Recently a civil war has arisen, and German agents have favored TAMASESE, the opponent of the recognized King MALIETOA, and a German naval commander, at the alleged intimation of his government, and supported by the German traders upon the islands, forcibly carried off MALIETOA and set up TAMASESE as King, against the vigorous protests of the American and British consuls.

In a message upon the subject President CLEVELAND states that to the extent of his power he has insisted that the self-government and independence of Samoa should be strictly preserved according to the treaties of the great powers, and Secretary BAYARD has instructed Mr. PENDLETON in Berlin to notify the German government, temperately but decidedly, that we expect it to respect the treaties and Samoan independence. Mr. PENDLETON was assured that Germany intended to respect the common understanding. But meanwhile the conduct of the German force at Samoa indicates the purpose of disregarding treaties and assuming control of the islands. The recent reports of the steady prosecution of this purpose are such that our government has ordered a fleet to proceed to Apia, the Samoan capital, and it is understood that the British government has represented to Germany that the action of the German

agents at Samoa is opposed to the letter and spirit of the treaty, and has directed an increase of the British naval force in the Pacific. Meanwhile there are all kinds of sensational rumors from the islands. But it is, we believe, not disputed that to the King whom the Germans have established they have given a German Prime-Minister, and that they have apparently taken a control which the common understanding expressly forbids.

As our government holds that our relations with the Samoan Islands are so important and valuable for various reasons as to make a treaty with them and a convention with Great Britain and Germany to secure their freedom from foreign control desirable, it is equally desirable that Germany should be asked to explain in the plainest manner the grounds of her disregard of treaty obligations, and to make ample reparation if any intentional insult to the American flag or injury to peaceable Americans should be shown. The President and the Secretary of State seem to have been fully aware of the situation, and it is only fair to assume that the proper explanations have been requested. This is the more probable as a Samoan commission of inquiry of the three governments which was sent to the islands settled nothing. It is not improbable that Germany has been testing the quality of our opposition to her control of the islands, with the intention of relinquishing the attempt if she should find that it could be prosecuted only at the cost of a rupture with the United States and Great Britain. We have called the situation in Samoa a trouble, because practically it is nothing more. It is doubtful whether it was wise for our government to enter into any kind of alliance or understanding with European governments in regard to the islands, because we are able to protect our citizens and our flag in such places without stipulations. But in this instance, having apparently made an agreement, we must insist that it shall be respected.

A PUBLIC PERIL.

THE *Tribune* well asks whether the community has no remedy against the omnipresent and deadly peril of the electric wires. The citizens of New York are apparently wholly at the mercy of the electric companies, and there is no visible power to enforce the order for burying the wires. Men and animals are destroyed by the touch of the charged wire, the details are published, the newspapers protest, and that is the end. The electric spell is like that of laying JACOB SHARP's Broadway Railroad: the street was torn up, and the community seemed to be struck with imbecility. There may have been some damage paid by somebody for the catastrophes due to fallen wires, but the present situation is a wanton risk for every wayfarer. The convenience of new inventions is very great, but so is the new danger that they introduce, and the moment the character of the danger is apprehended the remedy should be firmly applied. The disfigurement of streets by the monstrous poles is a nuisance, but the constant and proved peril that accompanies them is a pressing public concern.

HIGH-LICENSE PROSPECTS.

ALTHOUGH the license bill prepared by the late Excise Commission was a compromise which apparently satisfied nobody, yet if it be the only measure upon which an agreement of the Republican majority can be reached and the Governor's signature secured, it would be an improvement upon the present situation, because it would provide a uniform system throughout the State and raise somewhat the license rates. But that the Governor, who doubts whether the people really wish a higher license system, and who knows that the liquor interest is opposed to restrictive legislation upon the subject, would sign even the bill of the Excise Commission is not to be expected. The *Evening Post* publishes a table which shows the proposed increase of the rates in cities under the Commissioners' bill which is very instructive, and shows that in the city of New York the general advance would be one-third over the present rate, while in Brooklyn the present rate would be trebled, and in the smaller cities the new rate would be from two to seven times the present rate. This would be, as the *Post* says, an advance worth making. But that that very fact would produce a veto seems to be most probable.

The Governor "went to the State" upon his previous vetoes, with the distinct understanding that he was the candidate of the liquor interest, and he was elected by a decided majority. He has plainly intimated his conviction that there is no strong popular desire of a more stringent license law, and he has contemptuously shown his estimate of Republican sincerity in the movement by citing the figures of "the drink bill" at the Republican Union League Club. He regards the proposition of high license, not as an honest Republican movement, but as a decoy game to retain prohibition and temperance voters, in order to secure Republican ascendency, and the fact that a bill may be presented to him which endeavors to avoid the objections he has already raised will not prevent him from raising other objections to it. The Governor probably feels his position upon the subject greatly strengthened by the result of the election. Mr. WARNER MILLER made his fight upon high license. In every speech he urged it as the chief State measure, and after a thorough canvass of the State, and the warmest advocacy and most lucid presentation of the question, he was defeated. Doubtless the willingness of many Republicans, as in instances which are personally known to us and to others, to sell him out for Mr. HILL in order to gain votes for HARRISON, largely affected the result. But that is merely to say that Republicans cared so little for what their candidate declared to be the great State issue of license that they voted for the candidate of the liquor interest.

It would seem, therefore, to be poor policy for the Republican Legislature to lower its standard upon this subject. As the Governor is strengthened in his position by the election, it would be better, under the circumstances, to submit to him a bill that he ought to sign, rather than one which he might sign because he would think that it would have no particular restrictive effect. This, indeed, is not true of the Commissioners' bill, because the advance of license rates shown in the *Post's* tables is a positive gain. Whether the bill might not be strengthened at other points to obviate some of the objections which, as we have said, make it apparently an unsatisfactory compromise, is worth consideration. The fact that the committees which represent the sentiment from which the CROSBY bill sprang are now in favor of the Excise Commission bill is the best argument for the policy of adopting that measure. But still, as any effective bill would be probably vetoed, we are inclined to think that it would be wiser to occupy the old ground.

GROSS INJUSTICE.

THE situation in the Appraiser's Department of the New York Custom-house illustrates most strongly the desirability of filing reasons for removals in public offices. The air is filled with the gossip of reporters and rumors of immense undervaluations, frauds, swindles, losses, and general moral rottenness, in the midst of which old and tried public officers hitherto of unblemished reputations are peremptorily removed. Such removals under such circumstances are stigmas of criminal conduct. Presumptively the officers summarily dismissed are dishonest, and although the law does not require the superior officer to furnish a reason, such officers have a moral right to know the alleged cause of their apparent disgrace. In the present instance the circumstances, beginning with the MAYNARD, BYRNE, and MCELWEE transactions, preclude the theory that there are "no politics" in the matter. In every aspect the BYRNE investigation is very suspicious. But whatever the right or wrong of the situation may be, nothing whatever is gained, but immense injustice is done either to the Treasury officers or to the employés who are removed, by the character of the whole proceeding. Not only has every public officer a right to know the reason of his removal, but the public has an equal right to know the reason of changes in its service. Under the present circumstances there is a monstrous scandal, most injurious suspicion, and nothing more.

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY OF DOING GOOD.

IT is only necessary to read the list of some 120 prisons, penitentiaries, hospitals, asylums, infirmaries, missions, guilds, and homes which during the last few years have been supplied with reading matter by the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society, to resolve with more care and constancy than ever to send to its office at 21 University Place, or to drop into its boxes at the railroad and ferry stations, all the books, magazines, and newspapers that can be possibly spared for this most humane purpose.

The modest little report of this year says that during 1888

"5659 books, 15,000 magazines, 36,760 illustrated and weekly papers have been distributed, and this does not include the 9147 Christmas and Easter cards that have carried a word of cheer to the inmates of the various institutions. Our books state that during the previous year, 1886–7, 4031 books, 10,753 magazines, and 24,647 papers left the office."

How true is the comment upon these figures that "they speak for themselves"! During six months, to November 1st, the contribution of newspapers had been in number 72,074, as against 55,034 for the same time in 1887. The committee acknowledge gratefully the aid of the press, and gracefully add, "to which our success is largely due." But we prefer to think it mainly due to those benefactors of their kind who, not content to give papers and magazines to cheer the sick and suffering w[illegible]leasant reading, are anxiously looking to see what more they can do, and now find to their joy that there are sundry little expenses, such as the cost of a horse and wagon to facilitate collection and delivery, also rent, also carriers' wages, for which a little sum of $300 perhaps is needful, which these benefactors by little subscriptions can pay. What a delightful charity! and how grateful we ought to be that the ladies who do all the work proffer us all this opportunity, not only of giving reading matter, but of sending the little subscriptions aforesaid addressed to Mrs. FORDHAM MORRIS, 20 Fifth Avenue, in order to make their work effective!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CORRESPONDENT asks our opinion of the *Independent's* verdict upon Mr. WANAMAKER's pecuniary activity during the late election. The verdict is, as we understand, that Mr. WANAMAKER personally gave $10,000 to the election fund; that neither the books and papers of his committee nor of the National Committee were burned, but are still preserved; that his committee were not asked to raise money for any illegitimate purpose, "and knew that all appropriations were made for legitimate purposes"; that they do not believe that any money was used illegitimately; and that Mr. WANAMAKER and his committee are not ashamed of their part in the campaign.

In reply to our correspondent we say that what we think is that if Mr. WANAMAKER does not believe that money was used illegitimately he is very greatly mistaken, and is totally unfamiliar with election campaigns. That he collected money specifically for illegitimate purposes we have no reason to believe; that it was used for such purposes we have no doubt. What we have said, which probably occasions our correspondent's inquiry, is that Mr. WANAMAKER's sole appearance in public life, so far as we know, is as a purveyor of money to be used in an election by Mr. QUAY and Mr. DUDLEY; that Mr. QUAY's conduct in election management in Pennsylvania is best known to the country by the comments of the Philadelphia *Press* and the New York *Tribune*, and that Mr. DUDLEY's letter to Indiana prescribing in detail how voters should be bribed has not been, to our knowledge, branded by him as a forgery; and that purveying large sums of money to be used in an election by these gentlemen is not a proper reason for Mr. WANAMAKER's appointment to a public office of the highest trust and dignity. That is in substance what we have said, and it is a view which we believe to be very generally held by honorable American citizens, and which is not in the least affected by the *Independent's* verdict.

To another correspondent, who asks why we do not denounce President CLEVELAND's contribution of money to the Democratic campaign fund as well as the conduct of Republicans, we reply that when the statement in regard to the President was made we spoke of it as an incident demoralizing to the public service and greatly to be regretted, and we have made no discrimination between the two parties as to the corrupt use of money. We remind our correspondent that it is no defence of Republican rascality to say that Democrats are also rascals.

THE INDIAN SERVICE.

MR. OBERLY, the Indian Commissioner, in a report whose wise and excellent spirit makes the change in his office which will follow the change of administration to be greatly regretted, recommends the inclusion of the Indian service under the reformed rules. He would suggest that the change should be made immediately, except that its effectiveness would be imperilled by the charge of partisan motives. That charge would be made undoubtedly, as in the case of the railway mail service, but the measure is so desirable that the charge should not be regarded as a conclusive reason against the immediate adoption of the suggestion.

Mr. OBERLY's remarks upon the general subject show precisely the temper which is most desirable and most unusual in the officers of the Indian Department. He says:

"I have no doubt that under the favorable conditions of an Indian service in which the evils of what is known as the party spoils system of appointment and dismissal would be minimized, and in which intelligent and zealous action might confidently anticipate the support of the government, in which, too, devotion and efficiency might labor assured of the applause of the people, and honest administration do its perfect work promptly on all occasions without rebuke or fear of prosecution, the Indian question, in all its most perplexing features, might be transmuted from a demoralizing political question into a not dangerous social question. Indeed it may be declared, without the use of qualifying phrases, that under the favorable conditions suggested the Indian would receive our civilization with all that it implies of social duty and of public obligation. This is said in full knowledge of the many futile efforts that have been made by zealous, able men and women, by the churches, and by the government, to lead the Indian out of barbarism."

The abuses of the Indian service have been fully revealed in the reports of the Indian Association, and are familiar to those who have looked into the subject. But the general public feeling that the Indians are a noisome crew, to be managed in the most peremptory manner, has produced an impatient neglect of the subject which has resulted naturally in the multiplication of the wrongs. Mrs. JACKSON's *Ramona* has quickened a painful interest in many minds, and *Lorin Moorack, and Other Indian Stories*, a little volume by GEORGE TRUMAN KERCHEVAL, recently published, and very warmly commended by Bishop WHIPPLE and by HERBERT WELSH, contains a vivid picture of the outrageous and wanton crimes still committed without redress against the helpless red men. But such a Commissioner as Mr. OBERLY is the true hope of reform of this national disgrace.

PERSONAL.

HON. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, of this city, who is over eighty years old, and is now in Europe, is soon to make a trip up the river Nile with a party of friends. Before his departure from this country, early in the winter, Mr. FIELD was given a dinner by his brothers STEPHEN J., CYRUS W., and HENRY M., and the three agreed that while he was considerably older in years than any of them, he was more youthful in every other way.

—Captain BOYCOTT, the originator of the well-known term of persuasion, lives in the little village of Flixton, in the heart of Suffolk, England, and is just as great an enemy to the cause of home rule in Ireland as he ever was. He nevertheless professes a strong regard for his "dear old Ireland," and makes an annual pilgrimage to the Green Isle. He is now the agent of Sir HUGH ADAIR.

—"LEW" BROWN, once the most famous base-ball catcher in the country, has just died at Boston. He easily captured the most hotly pitched balls, and once offered for $2500 to catch a ball fired with a full charge from a cannon at the Boylston Museum.

—Ex-Governor HOLBROOK, of Brattleborough, Vermont, says the present mild winter was duplicated about fifty years ago. They had only two weeks of sleighing in the Green Mountain State, and farmers ploughed their fields in January.

—The Yale University crew will retain the "Bob" COOK or "git thar" stroke in their races this year.

—Forty-five years ago five young men, then living in Concord, New Hampshire, agreed to have a supper on the last night of each year. They are all alive and prospering, although scattered, and they have kept their compact faithfully. Each one of the five is married.

—Ex-Judge GEORGE W. NESMITH, of Concord, one of the Presidential electors chosen by New Hampshire in November, and a defeated Whig candidate for elector in the same State in 1840, is eighty-nine years old. He has been a distinguished lawyer, legislator, and author, and was the intimate friend of DANIEL WEBSTER, FRANKLIN PIERCE, and other leading men of their day.

—Dr. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, who by his acute critical study in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for February has put JOHN RUSKIN in a clear light before the world, writes as follows to a friend in New York regarding his recent discovery in the excavations within the walls of the Acropolis, Athens: "The day after my arrival I discovered the figure to which a fragment from the Parthenon, excavated the day before, belongs. It fits exactly, and is the beautiful head of Iris, attendant upon Hera during the Panathenaic procession represented on the frieze. This find completes the figures in the assemblage of gods as far as possible, and the papers and people here are much excited over it. There are unbounded possibilities here, and we are making new discoveries every day. I have just received the document signed by the Minister of Education authorizing us to dig at Platæa, Thisbe, and Anthedon. It is a glorious feeling to realize that one is doing something, and to see the fruits of one's work so soon after sowing the seed."

HON. WILLIAM DREW WASHBURN.

Minnesota has chosen as her representative in the United States Senate an able man and good Republican, who is, moreover, American to the backbone. To say that a man is a Maine Washburn is to imply that he comes from a long line of the sort of men and women who make a nation great. John Washburn, first secretary of the Council of Plymouth, was a paternal ancestor of the new Senator, and his mother, the daughter of Samuel Benjamin, boasts a lineage as long and pure as her husband's. Israel Washburne, father of William Drew Washburn, settled in the Maine district in 1806, and died seventy years later, aged ninety-two, and the father of seven sons. Elihu B. Washburne, the third son, who died in October, 1887, was the one most prominent in public life, but several of the family have served the public well. William Drew was born in Livermore, Maine, in 1831, and in his youth lived the rugged life of a New England farmer's son. He labored in the fields from dawn in summer, and wrestled with the three R's in the district school in winter. His literature was the Bible and the county paper. So he grew to sturdy manhood without mental, moral, or physical dyspepsia, and after graduating at Bowdoin in 1854, became a lawyer. His later experience was rather political and mercantile than legal. His first office was the Surveyor-Generalship of Minnesota, from 1861 to 1865, by President Lincoln's appointment. Then his residence was at St. Paul, but now he hails from Minneapolis. The calibre of his business enterprises can be gauged from his presidency of the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railway, and from his prominence among the owners and directors of the Minneapolis Water-power Company. Mr. Washburn was a member of the Minnesota Legislature in 1858 and 1871, and he served in the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, and Forty-eighth Congresses from 1879 to 1885. Mr. Washburn is so strong a Republican that it is not strange that he assumes his new honors after the most protracted and bitter partisan contest in the history of his State. It is satisfactory to add that the charges of bribery against him and his chief competitor, Mr. Sabin, have, upon investigation, been unanimously declared groundless as regards either of them. Mr. Washburn is not a member of the timber rings so powerful in the West, and which made his path to Washington so difficult. He is in favor of the admission to the Union of the new claimants for Statehood, especially Dakota, and of course he was "mentioned" for President Harrison's cabinet—but that was before his election. Altogether his colleagues have cause to welcome him to their select company.

Mr. Washburn will take the seat to be vacated by Senator Sabin, who has served since March 4, 1883, and whose predecessor was Senator Windom. His colleague is Senator Cushman K. Davis. Since Senator Windom's retirement Minnesota has not had in public life a man of such thorough training and assured capacity for the work of legislation as her new Senator-elect.

HON. W. D. WASHBURN, THE NEWLY ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MINNESOTA.

DESTRUCTION OF A DERELICT.

Among the dangers of the treacherous sea that beset the pathway of ships there are few more terrible than what are termed "derelicts." Fortunately they are of comparatively rare occurrence, yet it is not too much to believe that more than one ship which has never sailed home to port has become the coffin of her crew from the deadly impact of one of these pirates of the deep. A derelict is a wreck which has been abandoned by man, to sink or swim as fate would have it. Often a vessel is so loaded that in the shifting of the cargo a volume of air is confined in her hull sufficient to keep her partly above water in spite of shipwreck and desertion. Again, ships loaded with lumber will often sink so that their decks are awash, practically submerged so far as the human eye can judge—moving reefs that range over the wide ocean at the mercy of the winds and currents. Such waterlogged wrecks have been found in the most distant and lonely seas, giving evidence of having floated for many years and many thousands of miles. Clark Russell in one of his sea tales makes a note of a waterlogged derelict of some six hundred tons burden having been met in the South Seas two thousand miles from any continent. It need hardly be said that such an enemy lies in deadly ambush, against which no prevision is proof, no chart a safe guide, no lookout sentry sure on a murky night. It is in recent remembrance what wide-spread alarm was caused by the breaking loose of the Joggins timber raft.

Only a few days since an account was published of a ship which was abandoned about eighteen months ago off the Cape Cod coast, and was very recently stranded on one of the Orkney Islands. During a period of nearly a year and a half she had zigzagged in obedience to the blind forces of wind and current over a course of about three thousand miles. The derelict had been sighted during this period by many vessels, both steam and sail, and the event duly logged. How many ships passed close to this ambush of the seas at night or during a fog it is impossible to tell. It is understood that the Hydrographic Office will soon publish a chart of the course of this abandoned ship, as far as it can be traced, showing the strange caprices of her track over the watery waste.

Government ships, both naval and revenue marine, have special instructions to be vigilant in pursuit of derelicts, and to destroy them before they have a chance to do mischief. The majority of marine disasters from storm occur near the coast and not in mid-ocean, so that most abandoned ships would be found within the ordinary cruising-ground if detected before the wild forces of nature had swept them out into the remoter ocean.

There are several methods of destruction used in sinking derelicts. Oftentimes discharging shell or solid shot into the side of the wreck will open a vent for the confined air and thus deprive it of buoyancy, when it quickly finds its way to the lower deeps. Again, especially in the case of waterlogged ships, where buoyancy is not dependent on air, the task becomes more difficult. In such instances the use of the spar-torpedo, attached and discharged by a boat's crew, or sometimes even of the fixed torpedo, fired by electricity from the cruiser itself, where the use of the spar-torpedo might endanger a crew, is essential. Sometimes several torpedoes need to be used to accomplish the purpose in the case of a timber wreck. Our illustration shows the destruction of a derelict by a naval cruiser through the agency of a torpedo. There is scarcely a year during which one or more of these terrible threats to ocean travel are not removed by the vigilance of government vessels.

DESTRUCTION OF A DERELICT BY A UNITED STATES NAVAL CRUISER.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

XVIII.

ANXIOUS days were those that followed. A wet, cold, driving storm set in, deluging the lowlands, turning the mountain brooks into foaming torrents and the country roads into quagmires. Most depressing was the effect upon the broken-down old man who cowered drooping and despondent over the lonely hearthstone. Lucy would not leave, yet could not cheer him; he seemed fallen into an abyss of hopelessness and woe from which nothing could rouse him, and yet there were moments when he became almost vehement in obstinacy. She had sought to induce him to remain in bed the third morning of the storm, but though he had passed a restless night he was oddly bent on being up and dressed. Nothing would convince him that Henry was not coming that very day; coming with friends at his side and gallant gray riders at his back to sweep the range of their oppressors and drive the hated invaders to the Potomac. Twice on the previous day she had thought him wandering, and her sore heart nearly ceased its beating at the mere suggestion of his failing now when it was beyond human possibility for Henry to reach him. Twice or thrice during the night he was even wilder in his words, but the silent, tearful watcher by his pillow tried to teach herself that 'twas only dreaming, that the morrow would bring relief. Once, late that afternoon, the strain became more than she could bear, and seeing the old cavalry officer on horseback at the gate, and remembering that he begged her to believe they warred not on women and the helpless ones at home, and had urged her to call upon him if he could be of faintest service, she asked the sergeant in charge of the guard now pacing silently around them to say to the colonel that she begged to speak with him. He came, the gray-haired, ruddy-faced old hero, and dismounting at the steps, saluted her as he would have done homage to a queen. The sight of the grief and anxiety in her face, and the pallor, due to suffering and ceaseless vigils, went straight to his heart.

"Dear young lady," he said, "I beg you tell me how I can serve you. Think! yonder across the Potomac—only as far from it on that side as are we on this—is my home, and there, almost as lonely as you, lives my daughter. I ask to serve you in your distress as I know any gentleman in the gray you love would treat my child under like conditions. Who knows how soon your battle-flags will be on our fields! Twice already has your Stuart ridden within rifle range of her windows. Miss Armistead, war is bitter enough. Do not make it worse by refusing the little service we are permitted to give!"

In her loneliness and desolation, who can blame her that the tears gushed from her eyes? It was a minute or two before she could control herself sufficiently to speak. Two or three of the guard looked curiously on from the shelter of their ponchos as the old soldier led her to a chair and bent sympathetically over her.

"You are more than kind," she answered at last. "My anxiety is all on my father's account. He seems failing so rapidly, and our physician, Dr. Loring, has not been near us for days. The roads are in dreadful condition, I know, but we have no one who *can* go. Would it be possible to send one of your men over to him and beg him to come either to-night or the first thing to-morrow?"

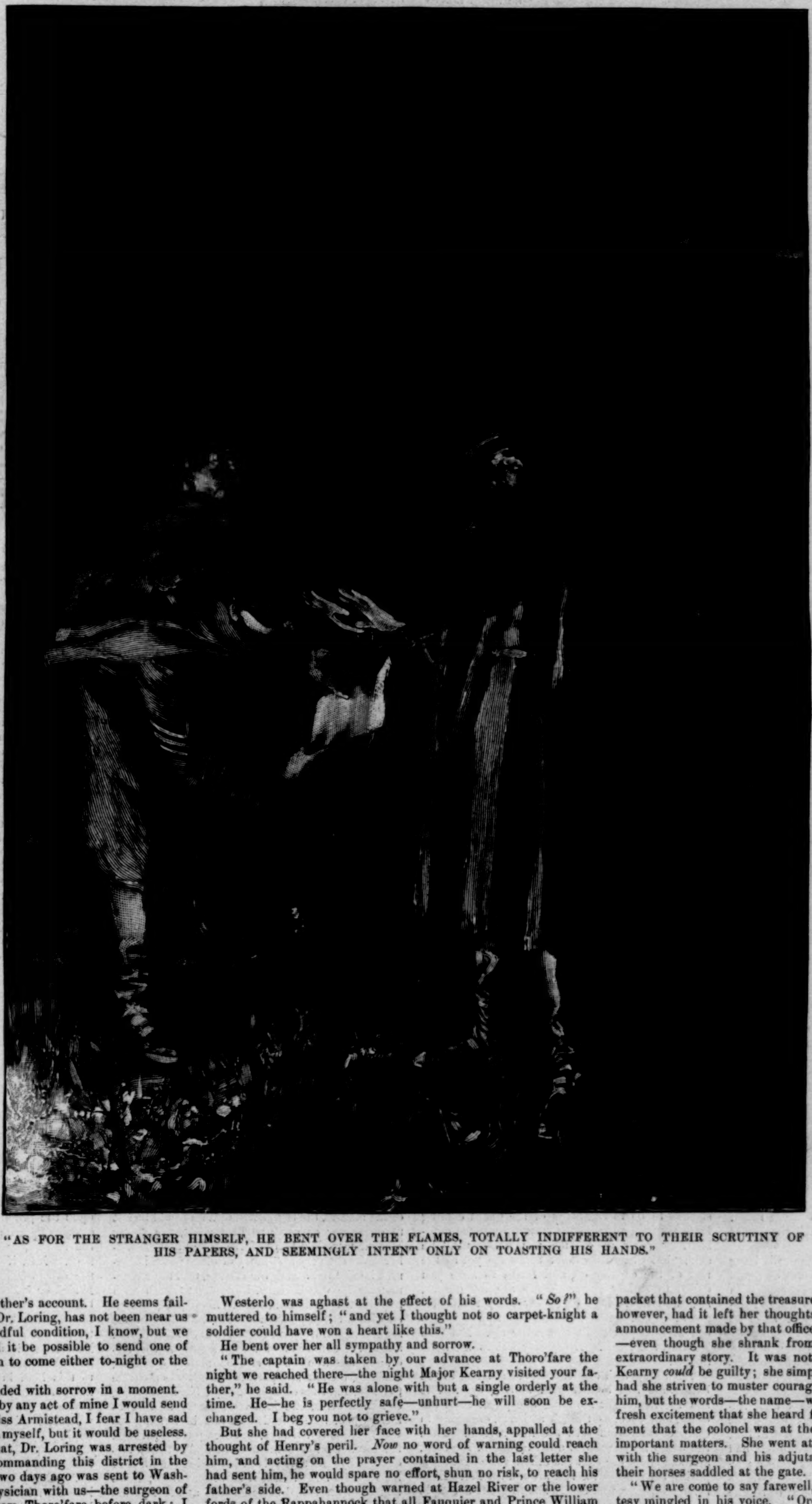
The old dragoon's face was clouded with sorrow in a moment.

"If he could be brought to you by any act of mine I would send a guard for him this moment. Miss Armistead, I fear I have sad news for you. I would go for him myself, but it would be useless. For some reason, I know not what, Dr. Loring was arrested by my superior officer, the colonel commanding this district in the absence of Colonel Graham, and two days ago was sent to Washington. We have an excellent physician with us—the surgeon of my regiment. He will be up from Thoro'fare before dark; I pray you let me send him to your father."

"Oh, how cruel, how wrong it seems! Pardon me, Colonel Westerlo, I ought not to speak of it when you have been so kind; but Dr. Loring was almost the sole dependence of scores of families, left now without a protector; husbands, brothers, fathers, sons, *all* in the army, and the women and children left alone. What possible cause could be assigned?"

The colonel shrugged his shoulders. "I know not," he said; "we had not wars like this where first I drew the sabre. There be men who say that in no other way can the South be brought to terms. My commander keeps me here against my will. I prayed to be sent with the column to the Shenandoah. I like not this search of defenceless homes, this warring on non-combatants at the rear; but I can but obey. His captures include but one officer, I am told, and he—but you know him, perhaps—a Captain Falconer."

"Captain Falconer!" she faltered. "When—*when* was he taken?" and she clasped her hand to her heart; a deadly pallor o'erspread her face. What if he had been captured before sending warning to Henry not to make the attempt! What if Henry had received only the hurried letter in which she implored him to come!



"AS FOR THE STRANGER HIMSELF, HE BENT OVER THE FLAMES, TOTALLY INDIFFERENT TO THEIR SCRUTINY OF HIS PAPERS, AND SEEMINGLY INTENT ONLY ON TOASTING HIS HANDS."

Westerlo was aghast at the effect of his words. "*So!*" he muttered to himself; "and yet I thought not so carpet-knight a soldier could have won a heart like this."

He bent over her all sympathy and sorrow.

"The captain was taken by our advance at Thoro'fare the night we reached there—the night Major Kearny visited your father," he said. "He was alone with but a single orderly at the time. He—he is perfectly safe—unhurt—he will soon be exchanged. I beg you not to grieve."

But she had covered her face with her hands, appalled at the thought of Henry's peril. *Now* no word of warning could reach him, and acting on the prayer contained in the last letter she had sent him, he would spare no effort, shun no risk, to reach his father's side. Even though warned at Hazel River or the lower fords of the Rappahannock that all Fauquier and Prince William counties were now held by the Federal cavalry, he would seek his way by night; he was sure to come.

"I bitterly regret that in my stupidity I have added so great a grief to your load of anxiety, dear young lady," said Westerlo, rising. "Let me ask forgiveness. Let me go, at least, and send our doctor to you. Oh, grieve not, grieve not, pretty one; he is really safer now than he would be here. There, there, I will go."

She sprang to her feet and sought to restrain him.

"Oh no! It is not—it is not what you—" But she broke off short. Was not *any* supposition of his preferable to his discovering the real cause of her anxiety and distress? "You must not send the doctor," she hurriedly continued, abruptly changing the subject. I *am* grateful, but—but father would not see him—at least not yet. Indeed I *will* call upon you if need there be."

But the old dragoon rode away shaking his head. "I have made a mess of it. I might have known she had a lover—and he was just from here; yet, a '*poule mouillée*' like that—a fellow with no fight in him for all the bravery of his attire. Ah, the sergeant was a hero—*he* got through!"

True to his word, he sent his surgeon to the house at dusk, and the doctor had a brief talk with Miss Armistead. She had begged her father to see this gentleman, but to no purpose; the old Virginian was indomitable in his pride and his resolution. So long as he had life in his veins, he said, he would refuse all aid from "Federal" sources, and she knew well that it would only irritate and worry him to plead further. The doctor was not invited to the sick-room, and, falteringly, Lucy told him why. He seemed in no wise surprised or annoyed, asked several questions, and quietly took his leave, saying that he would send some little remedies in a short time. If Judge Armistead had dreamed that the glass of sherry she so smilingly gave him with his chicken broth that night had come from the field stores of the Yankee doctor it might have choked him, but he swallowed it eagerly, and was allowed another thimbleful. At an hour before daybreak, when she stole into the room to see how he was sleeping, he looked up with sudden question about Henry, and soon after sunrise he began to dress and to call feebly for Nelse. Nothing would persuade him to remain in bed. Something, he said, kept telling him that this day would bring Henry home to him again, and he must be in readiness to welcome his boy and his friends. He smiled grimly, lifting a tremulous hand and warning them to listen in silence as the trumpets of the cavalry were heard playing some bright, spirited calls while the guard was being mounted under the dripping trees. "They'll be playing a different tune before night," he said. "They can't see twelve hours ahead, or they'd be scampering now."

And though the roads were deep in mud and the clouds hung low, the wind had died away, and toward noon there were signs of breaking of the storm. The rain ceased to patter on the roof, the light slowly increased, and then, early in the afternoon, there came visitors. She heard clanking sabres and clinking spurs upon the piazza without, and her father listened with frowning and impatient mien. He could not bear it that she should so frequently be called upon to receive these haughty and triumphant invaders. Yet he longed to question her as to Kearny. Yank or no Yank, he liked that young fellow, and though he would not approve, he could not wonder at his love for such a girl as his peerless Lucy. Not once had that name passed the lips of either father or daughter in conversation with each other since the sealing of the packet that contained the treasure he had left with them. Not once, however, had it left her thoughts since the moment of the dread announcement made by that officer under her window. She longed—even though she shrank from asking—to know more of that extraordinary story. It was not that she for a moment believed Kearny *could* be guilty; she simply needed to hear of him. Twice had she striven to muster courage and ask Colonel Westerlo about him, but the words—the name—would not come. Now it was with fresh excitement that she heard from Hannah's lips the announcement that the colonel was at the door, and begged to see her on important matters. She went at once, and found the old soldier, with the surgeon and his adjutant, all equipped for the march, their horses saddled at the gate.

"We are come to say farewell," he said, with sadness and courtesy mingled in his voice. "Orders reached me an hour ago to leave one squadron here at Hopewell and march at once to Salem with the rest. I have instructed Captain Wise, who remains in command, to visit you daily and inquire if in any way he can be of aid to you, and believe me, Miss Armistead, it is with heavy

* Begun in No. 1667.—Copyright, 1888, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

heart I go. Will not your good father see our doctor now, since it is our last opportunity?"

But Judge Armistead refused flatly. He desired his pleading daughter to express his appreciation of the proffered courtesy, but to say that he could not be under obligations. "Lucy," he whispered, tremulous and excited, "it is as I told you. It *must* be so. Henry and our boys are coming, and the warning has reached these fellows. They flee from the wrath to come."

She had to return to the kindly old soldier, and tell him, with tears in her eyes, that pleading was useless. Her father would not see the doctor, and that medical gentleman bade her be of good cheer; so long as the Judge was combative and obstinate there could be no immediate danger. They would be sure to meet again, said the colonel, as he bent over her hand to say adieu. Never would he visit this section of Virginia without coming to find the old homestead, and to inquire for her welfare.

And then they were gone. She had found it impossible to ask one word about Kearny, and she could have buried her head in the pillows and wept in utter anxiety and desolation. Her father here, failing day by day, his mind clouded, his strength gone, his system practically starving for nutritious food, and his palate pining for the delicacies to which it had been accustomed; Henry, she knew not where, but something kept haunting her hour after hour, warning her that the brother she loved was in desperate peril, and plunging deeper and deeper into the toils. And then Frank Kearny. Could she ever forget him as he looked that night? Could she ever forget how he had clasped and kissed her? The change in him; the worn, haggard look about the eyes and mouth; the sternness of his soldierly face, the weariness and sorrow in his voice. All this she recalled—all this—and the fact that between him and her there was that forbidding shadow that bade her send him hopeless from her side. Motherless, friendless, she was bearing her weight of sorrow and care practically alone and comfortless.

An excited controversy in the kitchen afforded temporary relief—Aunt Bell and Hannah in lively but partially suppressed altercation. The former was urging that Miss Lulie be instantly summoned to see and rejoice in something which had been deposited by a squad of soldiers at the cellar door, whereat Nelse could be heard capering in delight. But Hannah was positive and peremptory. "Don' you do no such fool thing! You hide 'em, 'n' keep 'em, 'n' just dish 'em up 'thout sayin' one word 'bout it. *I* knows." And Hannah's wisdom prevailed. The Judge was regaled for supper that evening with viands for which he had longed in secret, and for which he thanked his silent daughter with loving eyes and loving kisses. She would ask no questions; she, for his sake, would not reject the good things that had been thrown in their way. She could have found it deep down in her warm, Southern heart to have thanked and blessed that thoughtful old Dutch-Yankee dragoon, for she well knew it must have been his doing.

Just at dusk Captain Wise appeared to her as she was flitting through the hall. He was a man she had not before noticed among the officers passing to and fro. He was not the like of Westerlo, but he meant to be civil and courteous. He called, he said, as instructed by his commander, to inquire how Judge Armistead had passed the day, and whether there was anything he could be of service in. She thanked him. It might be necessary to send old Nelse over to Hopewell village on the west side of the range if the roads were better on the morrow. Could he be allowed the use of a spare horse or mule? The captain looked much disconcerted. His orders strictly forbade it. In fact, "not to put too fine a point upon it," said this martial Snagsby, it was his belief that Colonel Westerlo had been sent away because the district commander suspected him of giving too much aid and comfort to the enemy, and he, Captain Wise, was warned on peril of his commission to see to it that no one passed to and fro along the Gap without the order of the energetic colonel commanding the cavalry brigade now holding the neighborhood.

"It was his own adjutant who brought over the orders," said the captain, "and he told me the reason they had to be so strict was that the colonel felt sure there were Confederate spies lurking around us, and he was fearful that while Graham was away a brigade of Stuart's men might gallop up from the Rappahannock by way of Sulphur Springs, and capture him and his whole crowd. He says the one thing the colonel prays for is to capture some one of these disguised soldiers, and then he can make an example of him."

"What could he possibly do—what right would he have?" she asked, with wildly beating heart, Henry—Henry and his peril—occurring to her at the instant.

"He has authority, he says, to summarily hang any Confederate officer or man who may be found disguised within our lines. It will go hard with any man he catches, for he is a fanatical old fellow, and I believe he would do just what he says."

And this was the comfort that came to Lucy Armistead when that long, hard day was brought to a close.

XIX.

A night of sleeplessness and weary vigil followed. Not until hours after dark would the old Judge consent to be led away and put to bed. Nelse, the sable groom of the bed-chamber, had thrice vainly importuned his master before success rewarded his efforts. Lucy sat by her father's side an hour and read to him, hoping to soothe him to sleep. At last he fell into a fitful slumber, moving nervously from time to time, and muttering or moaning when he stirred. Exhausted, yet unwilling to leave his bedside, the girl bowed her head upon the coverlet, and still clasping the worn, withered old hand in both of hers, so white and soft and smooth by contrast, yet so thin and fragile now, she too presently dozed away. The only light in the sick-room came from the flickering blaze on the hearth, the only sound, save the old man's fitful breathing, or an occasional sigh, was Nelse's monotonous snore from his mat in the hallway, where the faithful old darky had elected to spend the night. Once or twice, when she found it time to give him medicine or the drink that the doctor had left for his use, Lucy roused herself, and once she called Nelse and had him replenish the fire. As the night wore away the old man grew wakeful again, and fanciful in his talk and ideas. Lucy again strove by reading aloud awhile to distract his thoughts from that one strain—Henry's coming. It was torture, agony, to her to think of it now; yet it was the burden of his every sentence—he would talk of nothing else. Twice he started up, declaring he heard horses' feet on the road through the Gap, and once he made her go to the piazza and look and listen. Throwing over her shoulders a heavy shawl, she obeyed his wish, and softly opening the great hall door, stepped forth to the head of the stairs. The clouds had gone at last, the stars were shining placidly through the chill and silence of the night. Far over to the east there were dim lights along the valley, the glow of distant camp fires. Down in the fields where the battalion had pitched its white tents but a few days before, all was now emptiness and gloom. The fires had burned there merrily even through the three days' storm; but now not a glimmer could be seen. In the orchard south of the house a bright fire blazed in front of the white tent pitched there for the use of the guard, and she could see one or two forms wrapped in the long blue cavalry overcoat huddling about in the smoke of the moist and hissing logs. In front of her, not ten yards away, a sentry paced silently to and fro; and others, she knew, guarded the flanks and rear of the old homestead. How could Henry pass such warders undetected, even if it had been possible for him to make his way through the miles and miles of guarded roads that lay between the Rappahannock and his father's bedside? She shuddered as she thought of the peril. Even now, might he not be a prisoner caught in the attempt? Might he not even be cold in death, murdered in determined effort to force the Yankee lines?

Over the horizon a pallid light told of the near approach of day. She had hardly slept an hour during the night, and was cold, weary, hungry too. Possibly now if she could assure her father that dawn had come, the Federal cavalry were still at their posts, and no sign of Henry had been seen or heard, he might again doze, and she too could get a little rest. Just as she would have turned away to re-enter the house there fell upon her ear the faint click, click, of distant iron-shod hoofs upon a rocky road—a horse coming through the Gap and at rapid trot. Probably the officer of the day returning from an inspection of his picket, she said to herself, and still waited to hear more. Looking toward the fire, she saw that two or three of the men in blue were hurriedly tumbling up, and, carbine in hand, running through the trees to the stone wall at the road-side, where they were lost to her view. Presently there came sharp challenge ringing out on the chill morning air, then the clatter of the hoofs as the horse was suddenly reined in. She heard prompt, cheery, confident answer, in a tone almost laughing and rollicking. "Don't shoot, boys, I'm all right," or something to that effect. She heard orders to dismount, and still talking loudly and cheerily, the stranger seemed to be leading his horse into the orchard, while the guard clustered around him. What was there in that voice that almost stopped the throbbing of her heart? Henry's—Henry's beyond all possibility of doubt—Henry's—and yet laughing, joking, chatting loudly with a squad of Federal cavalry! Presently she could see them at the fire—the sergeant and one of the men closely examining a folded paper, while others held the stranger's horse. As for the stranger himself, he bent over the flames, totally indifferent to their scrutiny of his papers, and seemingly intent only on toasting his hands, and then flapping them across his broad chest as though striving to quicken the circulation in a frame numbed by a long night ride. He was garbed in a long blue cavalry coat like those worn by the troopers, and wore a soft black felt hat and high top-boots. A thick, bushy beard concealed all the lower face; but that form, that voice—Good Heaven! was he mad to take such desperate risk? It was her brother beyond shadow of doubt.

Presently she saw the young lieutenant who seemed to be in command of the guard coming from his tent, and him the stranger greeted cordially. "Sorry to disturb you, lieutenant," he said, "but these men don't know me yet as the rest of the cavalry do, and I had to have you called to satisfy them. There are my papers, sir," and he nodded carelessly toward the sergeant. "Oh, here's another batch that will help out in case you don't remember me. I'm Will Tierney, the scout. Everybody knows me hereabouts."

Trembling with apprehension, she clung to the balustrade and looked with staring eyes. She saw the lieutenant studying one paper after another, and then, as though satisfied, engaging in quiet conversation with the new arrival. Then the weary horse was led away by one of the men, and she could see that the others were again disposing themselves for rest around the fire. Henry, her brother, was coolly shaking out a couple of blankets, as though he meant to lie down in the midst of his enemies.

It was nearly sunrise when she stole back to her father's bedside to tell him the startling news, and warn him of the imminent danger in case of suspicion or discovery. It seemed to rouse his weakened faculties and bring back new lease of life.

After brief statement of her plan, and gaining his approval, she roused old Nelse, and warning him that all his wits would now be needed, told him of "young mars'r's" presence among the guards in the orchard, and bade him go about his work and keep his eyes open for a chance to aid him. Then Hannah and Aunt Bell were called, and at an early hour these excited domestics were down in the cellar levying on the box of provisions sent there by Colonel Westerlo, and busy in the preparation of breakfast. An hour later, unhindered by the sentries and escorted to the house by the lieutenant himself, the tall young "scout" sauntered into the yard, strode up the steps, knocked at the door, and politely inquired of Hannah whether he could see the Judge or Miss Lucy. While she was gone to carry his message he stood carelessly at the head of the steps, his hands in his pockets and his glib tongue telling the lieutenant how many years he had lived in Prince William County before the war. A moment later he was bidden to enter, and far back in the dim recesses of the hall threw off the bushy beard and clasped his sister in his arms.

"Father! How is he?" were the first words he could say.

She clung to him, sobbing in speechless thanksgiving that, if only for the time, he was safe, safe in her embrace. She gloried in the address, the daring, the devotion, that had enabled him to thread his way through miles of foemen to come at her call, and gladden the fading eyes of the father who so loved him—who had so suffered for his sake. Yet she was all unnerved. The sorrows, the privations of the long winter, had told upon her more than she dreamed until now, and, weak as a child, she lay on his breast, crying her heart out in mingled joy, relief, and apprehension. At last she looked up in his eyes.

"He is very feeble; he will be so overjoyed to see you—but oh, Henry, did you not receive my warning? Do you not know your very life is perilled by this disguise?"

"It was too late to warn after your first letter reached me, sister mine. I hardly dared hope to find him alive after these interminable delays. I started the instant leave was granted me and before the movement of the Federals was known, but they got first to Warrenton, and it has been sharp work since. Heaven! If I could only send back word this night! If Stuart only knew what I know—how few—how scattered they are! We might rush a regiment or two up here and ride off with the whole gang. Take me to father. There I can tell you the rest."

That meeting need not be dwelt upon. For an hour the old man lay there clinging to the hand of his stalwart son, while Lucy sat by her brother's side, drinking in his every word. Both father and daughter were thrilled at the story of his perilous journey. It would have been utterly impossible for him to get through so long as he wore any item of Confederate dress or equipment. The line of the Rappahannock was closely guarded all the way to the forks of the Hazel River. He expected to find no Federal troops west of the Orange and Alexandria Railway, but the sudden expedition to capture Mosby had filled the country with cavalry, and every town and every road from Sulphur Springs northward seemed infested with them. Near Amissville chance befriended him. He found there the scout Tierney, who, with the full knowledge of both Stuart and Mosby, was in the employ of the Federal "Secret Service." It was his business to spend most of his time with the lines of the Army of the Potomac, but to slip out and give prompt information of important moves, while feeding his employers with any such pap in the way of reports of the position and numbers (the latter purposely exaggerated) of the Confederates as he thought they would swallow. It was a dangerous game, and one he could not long expect to carry out. Both sides began to suspect him, he said, and he had had trouble within the Federal lines, and experienced great difficulty in getting out to warn Mosby. He had been seized by the Yankees despite his papers, and only by the skin of his teeth had he escaped and made his way through the wood roads in the nick of time. Now, of course, the game was up, and he could no longer return. He was seeking to get farther South, and appealed to Armistead to aid him, confident that as one of Stuart's most trusted officers he would be able to satisfy the Confederate officers along the line to Gordonsville that he was not a Yankee spy but a loyal Virginian. Henry saw a chance at once; making a temporary exchange of "mounts," and borrowing Tierney's hat, overcoat, and Federal passes and papers, and gaining from him such information as to the names of the officers, the regiments, etc., he would be apt to encounter *en route* as he needed, the young Virginian pushed boldly forth, rode unhesitatingly among the very first party of blue-coated horsemen he sighted across the stream, told their commander he was Tierney, hurrying through with important information, showed his papers, scrawled with a rough pencil a not bad imitation of the scout's signature, gave a good deal of information about the condition of things south of the river, and was allowed to ride on, mainly by night, avoiding pickets and patrols when it was possible to do so, and thus escaping delay; but being bold, communicative, and jovial whenever he *had* to meet them, he succeeded at last in making his way to Hopewell village, and then pushed through the Gap. Up to this moment he had not been recognized by either friend or foe outside the walls of his father's house. But it had taken time; there had been unavoidable detentions at more points than one; nothing but the imminent danger in which he feared his father's life to be would have prompted the risk. Now the question was how to get back, for he dare not stay.

Several times during the day he felt compelled to go out and chat with the men of the guard, examine his horse, and talk of the ride before him as soon as he was well rested. By four in the afternoon he had decided that his best chance for success lay in a bold trot down the pike to Warrenton. If Tierney's defection had been discovered and reported by Colonel Graham, those passes would soon be worse than worthless. He must utilize them while they were yet good.

But they had done their work already. Just as he had resumed his disguise, and was about to say farewell, Lucy was startled by the scurry of many hoofs; the shout of men surrounding the house, and the sudden entrance of two officers in the Union blue followed by several men.

"That's the man!" exclaimed the foremost. "Seize him!" and almost before Henry had time to think, two stout dragoons had thrown themselves upon him. The rôle he was playing occurred to him at once, however, and while Lucy, almost fainting from terror and distress, sank back against her father's door, he boldly faced the officers.

"What on earth does this mean, captain? Surely I saw you last night over near Salem. I showed you my papers—Tierney."

"Unluckily for you, Tierney, you did, as I happened to remember when orders came this morning to make every effort to find and arrest you."

"On what charge, pray?"

"On the double charge of having murdered Captain Mullane at Washington, on the 10th of March, and deserted to Mosby's guerillas that same night."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SCENE IN CASTLE GARDEN.

Our double-page picture of this week is but a single view of the kaleidoscopic stream which pours from Europe through Castle Garden into the United States. Only those who frequent that famous institution can realize the magnitude of the human river of which it is the sluiceway, or of the changes which occur from day to day. Within the memory of many alive to-day the bulk of the immigration was British, made up of English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh. This was followed by the Irish exodus, which was so powerful as to give a Milesian color to Battery Park. The children of Erin were succeeded by a great German wave, and this in turn by one from Scandinavia. At the beginning of this decade the Hungarian and Bohemian made their appearance in regiments and brigades. As the reaction set in, their place was filled by Italians and Russians, who still dominate in the army of newly arriving citizens. The term Russian in this regard is somewhat of a misnomer, it being true politically and not ethnologically. Nearly all of the subjects of the Czar who enter our gates are Hebrews, who are flying from the bigotry and oppression which mark orthodox Muscovy. According to their home land or dialect, they call themselves Polaks (from Poland), Slovaks (from southwestern Russia), Lithuaks (speaking Lithuanian), and Belts (from the Baltic). Castle Garden, though "hallowed by clustering memories," and made sacred by JENNY LIND and the actors and opera singers of long ago, is in reality a disgrace to the Empire State and the Federal government. Originally a theatre, it belongs to an age when comfort and health were seldom if ever taken into consideration by the architect. Even to-day, despite the beautiful Battery Park, which surrounds it on three sides, its exterior looks like a curious hybrid between a fortress and a prison of the last century. The interior is gloom, dirt, decay, and hideousness. From the bulkhead where the immigrant first touches the soil of the promised land to the doorway where he leaves the institution for a temporary home, there is not a single object of beauty, grace, or color. The rotunda, corridors, and rooms are cold, poorly lighted, badly ventilated, foul-smelling, and repulsive.

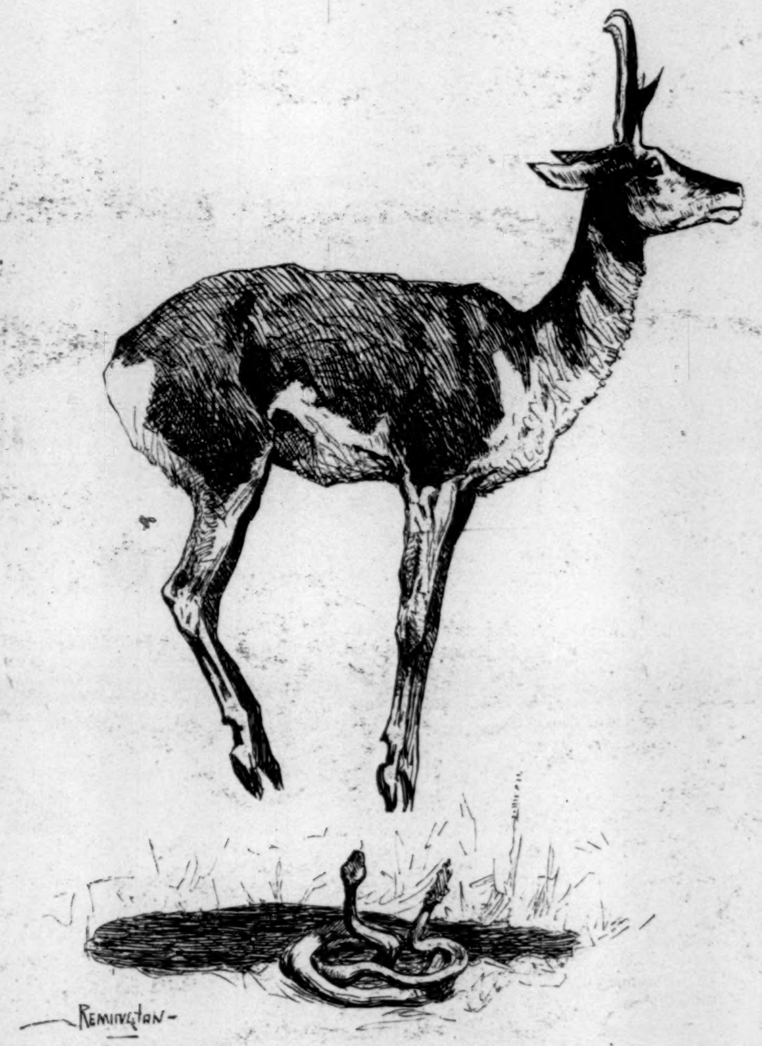
The accommodations are on a par with everything else. A dungeon door admits the foreigner from the pier to the building. Within he finds cheerless and uncomfortable wooden settees, clumsy board fences that divide the interior into pens very like those in the great abattoirs, and a government office far uglier than that of the warden of the Tombs. If, dirty from a long confinement in a ship's steerage, he desires to cleanse himself, there is no bath nor private wash-room, the only facilities afforded being some stationary basins that would hardly pass muster as a sink in a tenement-house. If hungry, and especially if desirous of decently cooked food, he must confine himself to the coarse bread, cheap sausage, and mysterious coffee which make the *menu* of the lunch-counter, the only restaurant allowed upon the premises. If sleepy, or worn out with sea-sickness, he must make his bed upon one of the settees, or else upon the dirty and ragged floor. Nor, if the foreigner be a woman, will the accommodations be found to be any better. If sick or wounded, he must either take an ambulance to the nearest city hospital, or go on board the little steamer which plies between Castle Garden and the charitable institutions on the East River islands above Harlem. There is no official bureau of information for those who come to this land in search of a livelihood, and who know nothing of its geography and resources. There is no library nor reading-room for those who are awaiting friends and relatives. There is no dispensary for the sick, and above all, there are no special accommodations for children, infants, and young mothers.

Another grave fault which can be readily cured has been hinted at in the classification of Hebrews as Russians. The immigration records should show the race as well as the nationality of the future citizens of the republic. As it now stands, a Malay from the Dutch East Indies, a Chinaman who has been naturalized under the

British, Spanish, or Peruvian laws, a negro born in Ireland, an Israelite from Rome, a Mohammedan from Malta, are charged to the governments to which they owe allegiance, even if temporary, and not to the blood to which they belong. A good illustration of this incongruity is found in the east side of New York city, where there is a compact and homogeneous Jewish quarter of more than a hundred thousand population. Nine-tenths of these arrived in this country in the past eight years, and yet there is barely the slightest reference to this great army in the records of the Commissioners of Emigration.

The management of Castle Garden is admirable, and in view of the numberless drawbacks suggested, is worthy of all praise. The officials, from highest to lowest, are quick, kind, well-informed, and courteous. The discipline is so good that the receiving and disposing of five thousand immigrants in one day is done as smoothly and pleasantly as of five hundred. The selection of subordinates has been actuated by such wisdom that a new-comer from any one of the forty different lands of Europe, Asia, and Africa which supply immigrants is able to meet some official who speaks his own tongue, and knows the customs, laws, and conditions of his far-away home. The conduct of the Employment Bureau is superior to that of any private concern of the same class.

A word of praise is due to the societies, religious and secular, which look after the welfare of the immigrants. The rivalry between Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Hebrew in this regard is so great as to take away a vast amount of hard work from the officials which would otherwise be necessary, and to do more good to the ignorant, the poor, and the despairing than the world ever dreams of. The charity and self-sacrifice shown by the missionaries and society agents toward the "in-wanderers," to use the quaint but charming German term, would make a volume worthy of being placed among the Lives of the Saints.



ANTELOPE KILLING A "RATTLER."

THE AMERICAN ANTELOPE.

It is not generally appreciated that we have in southern California, Arizona, and the adjacent country an antelope that in its speed, beauty, and other qualities that appeal to the sportsman is the equal of many of the African forms. The antelope in question is the prong-horn, and in the locality mentioned, in the land of winter flowers, it is still found, affording the hunter what might be called, owing to the mildness of the climate, the most comfortable sport in the world.

We are told that the buffalo is extinct, yet in No Man's Land and the Llano Estacado of Texas there are bands, which it is to be hoped will long remain unmolested, and that the sportsman will turn his attention to the antelope, the black-tailed deer, and other game common here. In Arizona we have the mountain-lion, antelope, and several kinds of deer, a large variety of game, and the finest quail-shooting in the Southwest. A short distance down into Lower California and we have what the natives call the tiger—a fine large feline, most beautifully marked, the ocelot of science. When we reach the Sierra Madre, which guard the orange belt of southern California, the counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego, we find a variety of large game. A recent bag brought into Pasadena consisted of two mountain-sheep, thirteen black-tailed deer, and two grizzly-bears—the result of a two weeks' hunt. The big-horns were taken on the slopes of Mt. San Antonio, forty miles from Pasadena, and the other game in the valleys and cañons around about.

By far the most attractive sport in this borderland to the hunter who delights in hard work is the chase of the antelope, that, though not so common as it was fifteen years ago, when its meat was the cheapest in the California market, is still to be had. The antelope country may be said to include the great level plain reaching north from Mojave up to Tulare and San Joaquin, the lands to the north and east of the Sierra Madre range, and far to the south over the border. The view of this antelope region, or a portion of it, from the summit of San Antonio is one of the most singular in the country. We are eleven thousand feet above the Pacific, that, miles away, gleams and shimmers in the sunlight. To the west we look down upon a series of valleys, bedecked in green, orange, lemon, and lime, with a floral carpet of infinite hues. From this the mountain rises in one of the most precipitous ascents to be found in America—a slope sublime in all its aspects. But turn to the east, and there stretches away the Arizona Desert, one of the most desolate regions upon the habitable globe; a region where the intense heat renders life in the summer almost unbearable, and where living things are rare. The slopes of the Sierra Madre merge into this land of desolation; yet they are rich in greens, and about them are valleys, the mouths of deep cañons, green rivers which wind upward into the well-wooded interior. In these nooks and corners the antelope loves to wander, though its home is on the great and seemingly boundless plains so near at hand.

We pass over the range from the western country, from the land of the orange, pomegranate, and olive, winding down the cañon, gradually leaving the big pines, overtaking the sycamores, alders, and willows, and finally are in the great wash that marks the entrance of almost every cañon—an expanse of polished bowlders in rows and heaps, overgrown with the chaparral, wild lilac, sumac, limulus, and wild rose. Ancient live-oaks tower aloft, and white-trunked sycamores, leafless, reach out their long, distorted arms in seeming supplication. A few hundred yards and the valley is before us, undulating and rich in winter greens. Here camp is formed, and a new start made the following morning with fresh horses equal to the work required of them. Over the valley we ride, now ploughing knee-deep in flowers, now scrambling, slipping, and sliding over the wash of rocks and bowlders. We are well out of the cañon when some one gives a warning hiss. Motionless we stand, nerves tingling, blood flowing faster and faster, as there, not one hundred yards away, is a bright jaunty head, a pair of prong-horns, a pair of big eyes, and the rest is told ten miles distant. It was but the glance of a moment; then the sentinel of the band gave the alarm and was away. Up over the rise went the horses, the jangle of spurs making music, just in time to see the white rumps of the only American antelope disappear over a hill. The herd gained at first as if the horses had been standing still, and in a few moments appeared nearly half a mile away, rapidly increasing the lead. The green hands spurred their horses, urging them by shouts and cries until the older ones counselled moderation. For the first few miles a horse cannot keep up with an antelope, and this was soon demonstrated. The little animals that had rushed out of numerous depressions now formed a band of perhaps twenty, and were literally flying along. The horses soon entered into the spirit of the chase, and it was a race to the finish over the undulating plain; leaping washes, stumbling over stones, the accumulation of ages, down gullies, over mounds, and out on to the open country. The antelopes were running well together, and the white patches on their rumps radiated, or seemed to enlarge, and conceal, or rather render them inconspicuous.

The horses gradually spread out and settled down to work, the cool day being in their favor. How they ran! Ears back, limbs working like machines; rifle scabbards whistling in the wind, the men lying back in the saddle as they would on the deck of a racing yacht not to hold the wind. Two, four, six miles, and the white bunch ahead is growing larger, and the little runners show signs of discomfort and a desire for separation. The plain became harder, and the horses, with their second wind, pulled well to the front. Now comes a burst of speed; stones, gravel, and sand fill the air—missiles from the flying hoofs of the dainty runners; another mile and the herd has broken, and the horses are flying alongside, rifles are jerked from scabbards, and with reins on the pommel, the animals take care of themselves, while the quick reports of the repeaters and the falling antelopes tell that the game is nearly up. In the last break they separate, rushing wildly here and there; and one buck in clearing a wash is shot literally in the air, the horse and rider making the leap at the same time, the antelope falling into the trench, and the horse rounding up on the other side to allow its rider to dismount and pull himself together after one of the hardest rides he has ever taken. The antelopes were not being exterminated, so only those actually required were taken—four or five bucks; and noble little fellows they were, with fine lines, graceful proportions, and large, lustrous, almost human eyes. An ordinary horse could not overtake a prong-horn; it must be a good animal, what the plain men call a stager. The speed developed by the little animals is astonishing. At first they outrun the fleetest greyhound, but their delicate limbs fail them in long runs over a rough country, and they ultimately fall a victim to the sportsman who can shoot well from the saddle while going at full speed.

A sport more exciting can hardly be imagined. The game has a fair chance for its life; only the good rider and shot can bring them down, and it must be a hardy rider who will go over the washes and sand-wastes of the Mojave and Arizona deserts at full speed.

The antelope is taken in several ways, the most popular being that described; but perhaps the most exciting is to follow the gamy little creature with the sabre, run it down literally, and by skill of arms bring it to the ground. The Mexicans often adopt this method in trials of skill, the sport giving remarkable tests of horsemanship. It is possible to stalk the antelope, but only on rare occasions. When the little animals were very common they were often taken by a simple expedient: one man would stand on his head with legs waving in the air, making as many curious movements as he could, while a comrade crouched behind him, resting his rifle either under his arms or over his head. This combination so puzzled the antelope that it would, in the majority of cases, be impelled by its curiosity to investigate, and so would slowly approach. This was only possible when the wind was blowing from it to the hunter, as the very slightest scent would be fatal to the scheme. If the hunter is skilful, the prong-horn may be induced to come within rifle-shot, and so fall a victim to its curiosity.

The prong-horn is the only representative of the antelope tribe in America, and may be said to equal in speed and beauty many of its African cousins. It is known as the prong-buck, cabree, and by a variety of local names, and to science as *Antilocapra americana*. The first name is derived from the curious triangular branch from the horns, about midway up, called a prong. It is the only one of the hollow-horned ruminants that possesses undivided horns. Another singular feature is that the horny sheaths or horns are regularly cast in October or November of every year. At this time a skin forms beneath the horns, in which are developed what might be termed casting hairs, and the old horns are literally pushed off.

The adult antelope attains a length of nearly five feet, and will stand two feet eight inches at the withers, and six inches more at the rump.

It is marked in a singular and striking manner. The general color is yellowish brown on the back and upper portions, and white below. The buttocks are pure white, so that when seen from behind the animal appears to be white. Its eyes are extremely large and lustrous, and are placed directly beneath the horns in the male. The print of the hoofs may be easily recognized, being long, slender, and narrow. These knife-like organs are sometimes used as weapons, males having been seen to leap into the air, coming down upon a coiled rattle-snake with all four hoofs together, cutting it in pieces.

The prong-horn may be said to range from the Missouri River to the Pacific, and from about 53° north latitude south into Mexico. The open plains of southern and central California are in all probability the best fields for the sport at the present time. In the warm seasons they take to the level country, but in winter are found in the small valleys that reach into the mountains, where there is a rich pasturage. From these places they take to the plains when followed, the young running almost as swiftly as the parents. All in all, the American antelope, whether followed on horseback with the somewhat brutal sabre, or with the rifle or lariat, is a game well worthy the best efforts of the sportsman; and in all probability, owing to the difficulty and hard work required to take it, it will long be on the list of the game animals of our Western plains.

C. F. Holder.

THE BUILDER'S STORY.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

What time we were wedded our prospect was high—
First floor down the chimney—my Milly and I;
Our neighbors below thought more happiness theirs,
But we climbed up to heaven when we mounted the stairs.

Some rickety furniture filled up the place;
On the walls our two photographs hung face to face;
A square of old carpet—its pile had been lost;
One teacup between us—less sugar it cost.

When the sunset was making for darkness a way,
And the jack-plane and handsaw I dropped for the day,
How I entered the house with a skip and a hop,
And, two steps at once, climbed the stairs to the top!

The teakettle sang a new song when I came;
The fire, at my voice, showed a ruddier flame;
And better than lamp-light to chase away gloom,
The smile of my Milly illumined the room.

There were beautiful views o'er the tin-covered roofs,
Away from the sound of the street horses' hoofs,
With the air cool and pure at the height where we dwelt,
And the troubles of others unknown and unfelt.

The love of my youth and the mate of my prime,
The mother of buds that were blossoms in time,
How she saved from my earnings what else had been spent,
And with much or with little was always content!

So saving, so toiling, a few years swept by.
We descended at last from our lodgings on high
To a house of our own; if 'twere not of the best,
It made for our fledglings a snug little nest.

In building for others I built for myself,
Gained long rows of houses and great store of pelf,
Till at last, fortune crowning my labor and care,
At sixty I wrote myself down "millionaire."

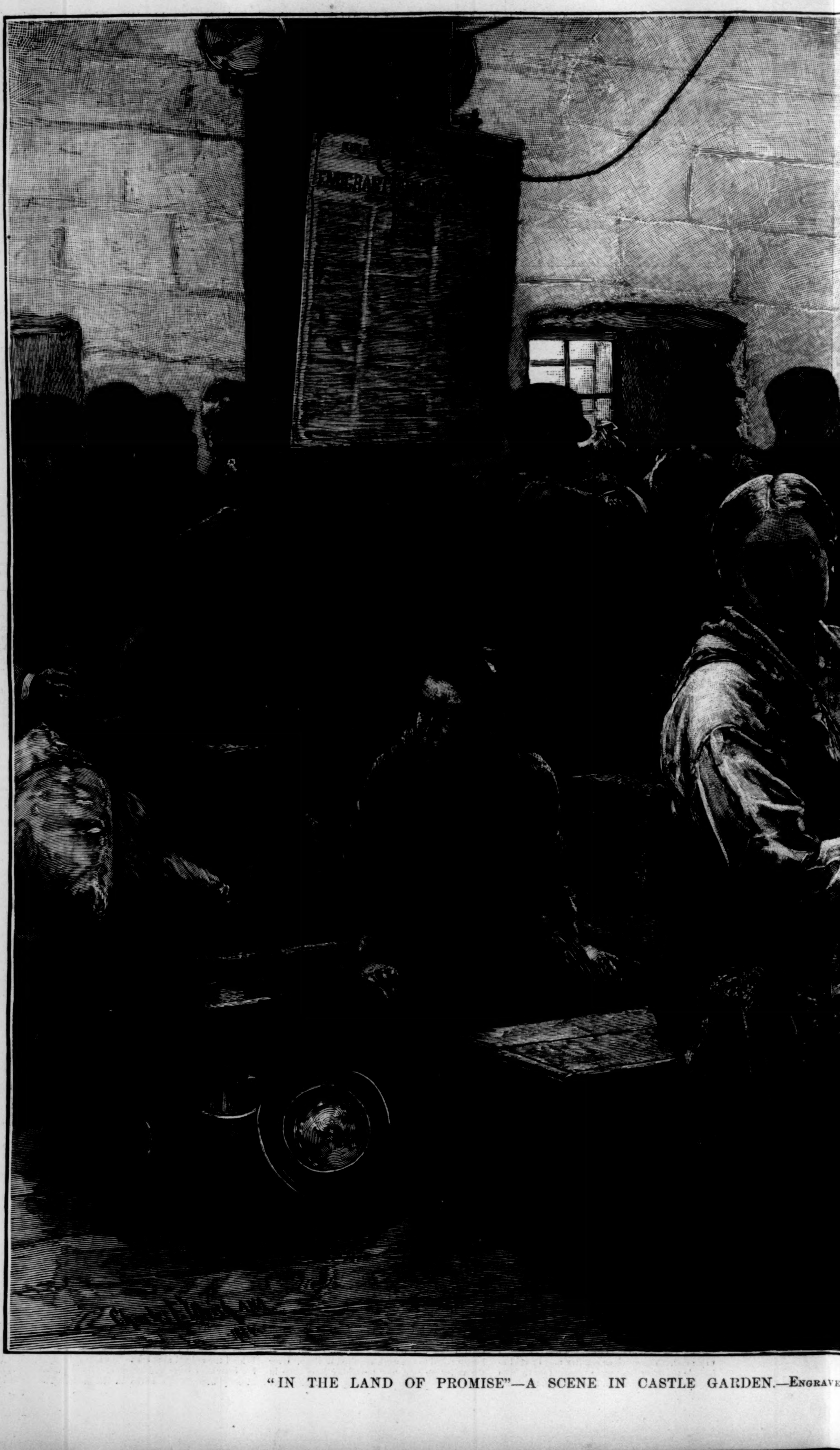
And now, in a mansion both lofty and wide,
I feed me ten lackeys and pay them beside,
Tread on triple-piled carpets, on cushions recline,
And from silver and porcelain luxurious dine.

Rich curtains of damask at windows are found;
Easy-chairs satin-covered in parlors abound;
The chambers are furnished in elegance all,
And armor and pictures are hung in the hall.

And there is my library—gorgeous indeed!—
'Tis a fine place to smoke in or journals to read;
The books—a wise friend has selected the best;
The bindings are handsome; respected—they rest.

There is all that conduces to ease and repose,
Yet something is lacking. What is it? Who knows?
There is nothing to hope for; the race has been won,
And possession breeds surfeit when striving is done.

And here, as we sit, both my Milly and I
To our first year of wedlock look back with a sigh,
When that garret of ours, so my Milly declares,
Was a Garden of Eden up four pair of stairs.



"IN THE LAND OF PROMISE"—A SCENE IN CASTLE GARDEN.—Engrave

AVED BY FREDERICK JUENGLING FROM THE PICTURE BY CHARLES F. ULRICH.—[SEE PAGE 86.]

THE BACHELOR.

A STUDY IN STRAINED SENTIMENT.

BY F. ANSTEY.

AUTHOR OF "VICE VERSA," "THE BLACK POODLE," "THE GIANT'S ROBE," ETC.

PART THE FIRST.

BESIDE his fire the Bachelor sat,
A friendless man in a furnished flat;

The light of youth from his eyes had fled,
The hair was sparse on the top of his head;

Angular, cynical, bilious, grim,
Was there one in the world to care for him?

Thus he mused—as often he'd mused before—
When the hammer sounded at his front door.

And he rose, impelled by repeated knocks,
To find on his threshold—a boy with a box:

A plain deal box of a medium size,
Which the Bachelor took in blank surprise.

He had made no purchase of late—then swift
The inference followed—it must be a gift!

From some former friend he had long forgot;
So he fetched his scissors and severed the knot.

And in eager haste he lifted the lid,
All unsuspicious of what it hid.

Then his fury broke in a frantic curse,
Too vigorous to repeat in verse.

What unknown hand had dealt this stroke?
What fiend conceived so cruel a joke

As to send—ah, smile at it those who can!—
A dainty doll to a childless man?

He flung it from him; it fell on a chair,
And smiled, through its fleece of golden hair,

Straight up in his face, till it made him start,
And a sudden compunction smote his heart;

For the eyes and the amber tresses above
Resembled those of his early Love,

Whose eyes were as round and devoid of guile,
Who had just that placid, persistent smile.

Ere maternal monition she obeyed
And married a man in the timber trade!

So he stooped and touched the doll's limp hand,
And she seemed somehow to understand,

When he raised her gently—for, wondrous thing!
As though his fingers had found a spring

Which set in motion some secret gear,
She spoke in silver-toned accents clear:

"I's oor dolly—oo must be
Always velly tind to me:
Yike me best of all oor toys,
Hide me thafe f'om naughty boys,
Never yeave me near ze fiah,
In ze wain, or in ze miah,
And I'll 'peak when 'poken to—
Oo yove me, an' I'll yove oo!"

It thrilled his pulse to a faster throb;
He was fain to swallow a rising sob;

For his flinty bosom he could not steel
'Gainst the innocent guile of that appeal;

And his furrowed face grew strangely mild
As he nursed the doll like a little child.

Through the long night she softly slept
In the drawer where his clean shirts were kept;

While he his eyelids closed in vain,
For there rang in his ears that naive refrain.

Ah, well! it came from a phonograph;
Yet I doubt if many will dare to laugh,

For I think e'en malice might feel some shame
To see how its shaft had missed its aim.

PART THE SECOND.

All through the next succeeding day,
From the time his breakfast was cleared away

Till after he had taken tea,
He nursed the doll on his elderly knee.

He had it still upon his lap
When once again he heard a rap,

And thrusting the doll with a guilty air
Between the cushions that lined his chair,

He sat up, stiffer than before,
And grimly eyed his opening door;

Then he felt his brains in confusion whirl,
For his visitor was a little girl;

A small patrician in plush and fur,
With little trace of the child in her;

And he caught his breath with a gasping choke—
Had he guessed her object or ever she spoke!

She sat down, preening her parasol,
Then: "I've come to ask if you've seen my doll.

"I ordered it yesterday afternoon,
And they promised me they would send it soon;

"But they never did! and such silly mistakes
A shopkeeper pers[illegible] so often makes

"(There's a perfect idiot who keeps that shop!)—
That, though we're at the bottom and you at the top,

"I thought I'd step up and inquire," she said,
"If they happened to send it to you instead.

"So boring to lose one's doll, you know!"
And he answered, "I should imagine so."

Though he wreathed his face in a ghastly grin,
A bitter struggle went on within.

This child came armed with the legal claim,
But, oh! it was cruel, all the same!

For how could he now, without disgrace,
Produce that doll from its hiding-place?

Then, gripping his chair in convulsive clutch,
"Do you love," he faltered, "your doll so much?"

"Oh, I liked her rather," she drawled, "before,
But I've thought of something I'd like still more;

"So, as soon as she comes, I shall try to arrange
With the man at the shop to let me exchange."

Then—he might regain her? But he was shy—
A doll was a thing that he dared not buy!

And still, as the child went chattering on,
He suppressed what he was sitting upon.

"Dolls," she declared, "were going out;
One scarcely ever saw any about.

"And though hers was one of the very few
That could make a speech, which was something new,

"In time that speech would be sure to pall."
And the Bachelor basely agreed with it all!

While his soul was seething in revolt,
Like a cistern struck by a thunder-bolt,

What! yield his idol and all her charms
To alien unsympathetic arms?

To be lost forever? Not so—not so!
He could not—he *would* not let her go!

"Then you haven't seen her?" she asked. (Ah! why
Is it always easy to tell a lie

Upon any sudden emergency?)
"I am sorry to say. . . . I have not," said he.

Then he bowed her out with a courtly air,
And sank, with a sigh, in his easy-chair.

What recked he, now that the deed was done,
If fairly or foully the prize was won?

And under the cushions he hastily sought
For the hidden treasure so dearly bought.

He found her soon—and his hot tears gushed,
For her innocent nose was completely crushed!

In grief as fruitless he indulged
When he saw that one of her eyes had bulged!

Then next, with nerves unstrung, he tried
The spring of the cylinder inside.

She spoke—but horror! the sounds he heard
Were now discordant and harsh and blurred!

And beneath the jumble of words and jerks,
The click and stammer of damaged works,

His ear detected—unless he dreamt—
An undercurrent of contempt!

"Yeave me! Thafer I must be.
Oo's so—click!—untind to me.
Best I yike a naughty boy—
Tick-tack!—I's a broken toy.
Hide f'om me, oo coo-al liah!
An-an-i-as an' ze fiah!
Never 'gain I'll 'peak, it's too!
Dolly dud-dud-don't yove oo!"

She was silent. Ah! he had sinned in vain!
He could never endure that voice again,

Nor meet unmoved the mild blue eye
That gazed reproachfully, all awry.

For the broken accent that clicked and jerked
Was the voice of Conscience he would have burked!

So, pale and panting, he poked the fire,
Then placed her on her funeral pyre,

Hiding his haggard eyes—for he felt
It would madden him if he watched her melt.

And he staggered forth with a stifled groan,
Once more—forever—unloved, alone!

NEW YORK MOUNTED POLICE.

THE police army of three thousand men which protects New York from the organized bands of evil-doers has its cavalry arm as well as its infantry departments. This consists of what is generally known as the "mounted squad," although the name no longer correctly describes the force. The old mounted squad, which was a separate company of over a hundred men, was first organized in July, 1871, under the command of the present Inspector WILLIAMS as acting sergeant. The office was at first on Thirty-first street between Sixth and Seventh avenues, but was removed in 1873 to the present head-quarters on Eighty-seventh Street between First and Second avenues, with Sergeant REVELL in command. In 1884 the mounted squad was broken up, and most of its members distributed among the five precincts lying between One-hundred-and-tenth Street and the northern limit of police jurisdiction, *viz.*, the Thirty-first, or Highbridge; the Thirty-second, or Carmansville; the Thirty-third, or Morrisania; the Thirty-fourth, or Tremont and Fordham; and the Thirty-fifth, Kingsbridge to city line. At the same time, however, ten of the most expert horsemen were retained for special duty under Sergeant REVELL, to patrol the several drives, such as St. Nicholas Avenue and Fifth and Sixth avenues during the day. All the others are now regular patrolmen, mounted of course, attached to their respective precincts, each precinct having on an average sixteen patrolmen, with two roundsmen and two sergeants, making altogether a body of twenty alert and experienced horsemen for each precinct. The only difference between the duty hours of these men and the foot policemen is that the former are excused from the dog-watch—six to eight—in order to look after their horses. Each mounted patrolman is supposed to cover the ground ordinarily guarded by six foot policemen. His pay is the same as that of the ordinary police.

The mounted police are under the immediate command of Sergeant REVELL, an old cavalry officer who served with honor through the civil war. The force is subjected to the same rules and regulations as those of the regular cavalry; the equipment, forage, etc., are under the supervision of the courteous and popular Inspector CONLIN, also an old cavalry officer of the war, who makes a thorough inspection of the force in the fall and spring, and sees that his men account for every article of their equipment, from saddle and bridle down to sponges and curry-combs. The horses, all magnificent bays, are well housed and well fed, and day and night while in the stables are attended to by competent hostlers. Every mounted policeman must be of perfect physical health and superior muscular development. He must also be neat and active in his person, and his intellectual qualifications must be equal to the intelligent discharge of his duty. His chief duties are to prevent rapid driving and racing in the streets, and, when necessary, to arrest the offenders, to stop runaways, to assist the injured, and to protect property when collisions or accidents occur. These are special duties beyond the regular ones which they perform in common with the rest of the police. Bestriding spirited steeds trained to stop runaways by galloping alongside, the sturdy riders often incur great risks, but seldom fail to accomplish their object or to save the lives and limbs of terrified carriage occupants. The thoroughfares mentioned above are handsome open streets, on which the temptation to race and "run" is very strong for both man and beast. A foot policeman could do but little to stop reckless driving. If he tried to run a culprit down, a touch of the driver's whip soon sent the latter out of his reach. Butcher boys, young bloods, and sporting men were guilty of the offence so often that pedestrianism upon some thoroughfares became fraught with serious danger, and the streets in fine weather were changed into race-courses. All this has been changed by putting the policeman on a horse, which, being unencumbered, can easily overtake a wagon or a carriage and arrest the driver. So universally recognized is this fact that when a mounted policeman turns in his saddle and raises his hand to a passing vehicle, both horse and driver stop as if instinctively. Even tipsy drivers who like a quiet spurt rein up at the first glance of the mounted guardian of the peace. Runaways are much more serious trouble. Many panic-stricken horses if approached become infuriated, and will savagely attack a man who tries to interfere with them. They will plunge fiercely against a post, fence, or wall, and madly kill themselves rather than submit to capture.

Another duty equally exciting, but containing little or no danger—for the ordinary criminal regards the mounted policeman with abject terror—is the pursuit of robbers, and especially sneak thieves. The houses along the driving thoroughfares or in their neighborhood are usually the homes of well-to-do people. The sneak thief finds such vicinities a fine harvest-field, and is constantly on the lookout for a favorable opportunity. The mounted officer is equally alert for the thief. It often happens that the latter has just succeeded in pilfering from some area or basement when the alarm is given, and the officer notices it a few blocks off. The spur is called into action, and in a second the "minion" of the law is dashing after the violator. If it be in the built-up districts he is run down in the street or on the sidewalk. If it be on the outskirts of the city or in the sparsely settled districts, the thief, by some odd fatality, generally takes to the open lots, hoping that the horse cannot or will not follow. Vain hope! Steed and rider, accustomed to the work, dash over the sidewalk, and down or up the hill, and after a brief cross-country rush come up with the now breathless and nerveless fugitive. The scene depicted in the illustration is one of not uncommon occurrence on upper Seventh Avenue and Frog Hollow. Asked whether the flying thieves, when driven to desperation, ever show fight, Inspector CONLIN replied:

"Very seldom. A criminal dreads a policeman's baton more than any one else's pistol. The most powerful Italian rowdy cowers before a little man in blue."

The record made by the mounted police of New York is an honorable one. The number of arrests for careless driving averages yearly about 250; but these figures, while they superficially show the amount of demonstrable work done, convey but a meagre idea of the faithfulness, courage, and intelligence of the men themselves. Both Inspector CONLIN and Sergeant REVELL are popular with the men, though they are old soldiers, and therefore naturally strict disciplinarians. Their men and horses are always in splendid condition, while the stable and yard apportioned to the latter are cleaner and neater and more comfortable than thousands of homes in the city of New York. These horses, from their constant association with one man, who washes and grooms them, who nurses them when sick, who plays with them in leisure moments, develop a degree of intelligence which is truly astonishing. They come to know their own and their owners' names; they learn all sorts of tricks and comical ways; and they see or hear a runaway as soon as the rider himself.

THE OYSTER INDUSTRY.

THE bays and harbors along our Atlantic coast are well adapted for oyster planting, and in many places they grow naturally in these shallow bodies of water. Until only very recently natural beds of oysters many acres in extent were found in the Long Island Sound; but the stream-dredge has now so thoroughly raked over the bottom of that body of water that such "lucky finds" can no longer be possible. The greater part of the Sound that is adapted to oyster growing has been planted and staked off. It is the same with the Great South Bay, although the clamming grounds of this bay are not disturbed. In the bay the clamming industry is quite an extensive one, between five and ten thousand people depending on it for a living. Probably as many more are engaged in the oyster business, the returns of which are increasing annually.

Although New York and Brooklyn are great markets for these bivalves, and consume as many, if not more, than any other two cities in the Union, the people of Maryland hold the lead in supplying the markets of the world with the shell-fish. The industry gives employment to over fifty thousand people, while a quarter of a century ago it was so insignificant that it did not enter into consideration as a thing of any statistical value. Over $10,000,000 worth of oysters are sometimes shipped from Maryland in one year, going in cans, raw or steamed, or in barrels to all parts of the country possible. Through our great net-work of railroads the great cities of the West are supplied with these delicacies of the ocean. Shell oysters are found as far west as St. Joseph, Kansas City, and Leavenworth.

Connecticut oystermen seldom send their oysters to market until after considerable manipulation, which tends to make them better for transportation. When dredged from the beds in the salt-water of Long Island Sound, they are deposited in shallow tide rivers, where the water is more or less brackish. They are generally left there until two tides have flowed over them, allowing them two good drinks of the fresh-water. This "floating" the oysters cleans them out, freshens them, and increases their bulk. In the oyster season good fat oysters will generally yield five quarts of solid meat to the bushel; but this will often be increased to six quarts after they have "floated" two tides. The oysters are then taken from the shell, and, after the liquor has been strained off, they are washed in cold water. Oysters that are taken from their shells and packed in all their native juices spoil much sooner than when their juices are strained out and the meats are washed in fresh cold water. The water also increases their bulk by absorption, and the salter the oysters, the more water will they absorb. Many oystermen consider this increase in size a growth of fat, while others claim that it is merely "bloat."

Dredging the oysters by steam is now a common practice, and hundreds of steam-dredgers are engaged in the business, although the ordinary sloop or schooner does the work as well, only more slowly. About 1500 of these latter are employed in the business in the waters of Maryland, varying in capacity from 500 to 2500 bushels. In addition to these boats, the State "oyster navy," consisting of five steamers, six schooners, and eight sloops, are constantly cruising around in the waters. These boats are presumably supported by the $500,000 annually paid to the State treasury for dredgers' licenses, fines, penalties, etc., and their object is to enforce the oyster regulations.

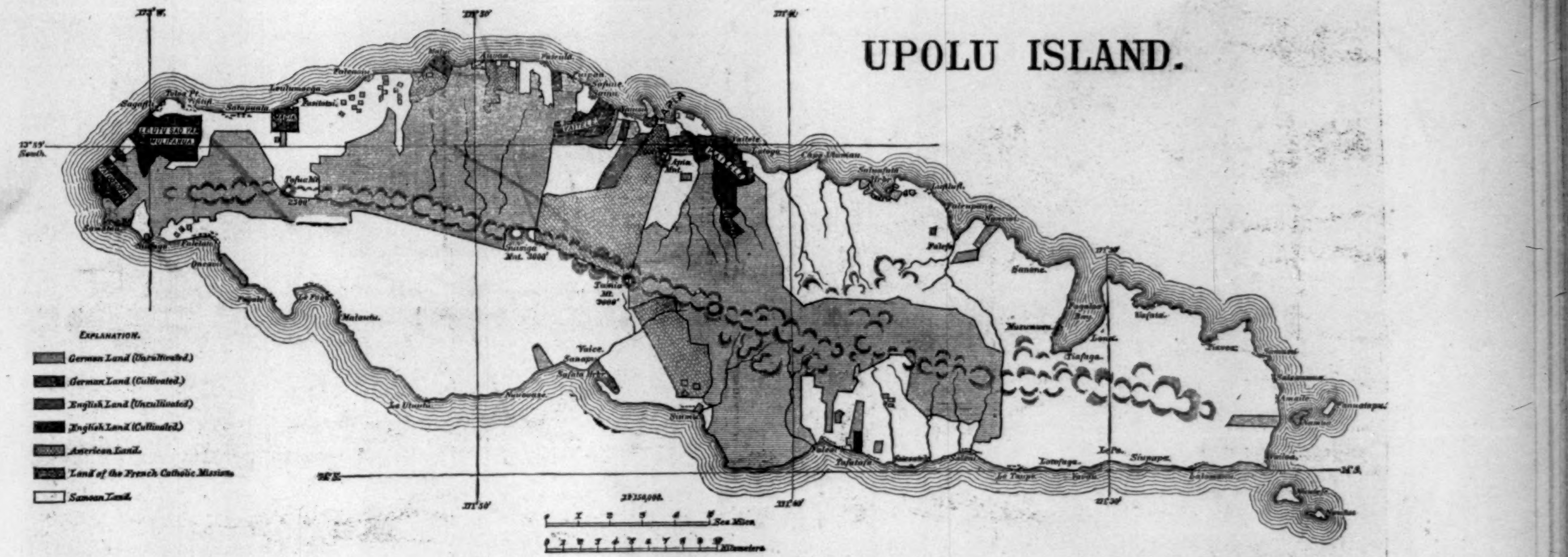
Most of the oysters caught by the dredgers are sold directly to the steam or raw packing establishments, at so much per bushel. The tongsmen usually supply the restaurants and hotels with their oysters. Their work is slower than that of the dredgers, but the oysters they catch often bring higher prices than those of the latter. They are caught in shallow water, and on beds owned by the tongsmen. These oysters in many cases are fed by the owners until they grow to enormous sizes.

The dredger's life is not an enviable one, for during the coldest days he often has to be at work, sailing about the bay, and handling the ice-cold bivalves as they come up. Each vessel has two iron windlasses for hauling in the dredges, which in Maryland the law will not allow to be worked by steam. Four men are thus compelled to work the handles of these windlasses when dredging. As soon as the dredges are hauled in and dumped, other members of the crew begin to sort and shovel the oysters out of the way. Many curious things are brought up by these dredges, which oyster-packers do not care to buy, such as crabs out of season, sea-weed, pieces of iron, water-soaked wood, and débris of various kinds.

In the Great South Bay the oystermen find the tongs and nippers more useful than the dredge. The water is so shallow that, except in certain places, the latter cannot be used to much profit. The bivalves are planted in many localities in such shallow water that at low tide the oysters can be picked up with a small hand-rake.

Oysters are a luxury to the poor and rich alike, and there are very few indeed who do not take kindly to the delicious bivalves. The epicure has devised various methods of preparing them for the table, devoting a great amount of ingenuity to the work; but, after all has been said and done, the primitive fashion of eating the oysters on the half-shell is considered by the majority of people to be the best. The oysters, they claim, are healthier and more appetizing when raw, though the question will apparently be a debatable one so long as "tastes differ."

GEORGE E. WALSH.

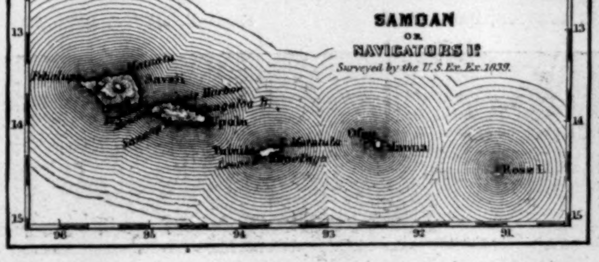


THE SEAT OF THE TROUBLES IN SAMOA, SHOWING THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE LAND AMONG THE VARIOUS NATIONALITIES, AS STATED BY THE GERMAN CONSUL.

SAMOA.

THERE are eight of the Samoan Islands, all volcanic in origin, and situated about nineteen hundred miles southwest of the Hawaiian group. They are in the direct line of the American steamers running from San Francisco to Auckland, New Zealand, and Sydney, and they possess unusual natural advantages, which are more valuable to the United States than to any other country. By treaty this country possesses the harbor of Pago-Pago, the most beautiful, the largest, and safest harbor in Polynesia, where the Navy Department has for a number of years had a coaling station, a cut of which we give in this number of the WEEKLY. If either of the two projected canals is ever finished, this will undoubtedly be the most important and valuable station in the Pacific, and in time of war would command nearly all of the commerce in that ocean, and would be invaluable to whatever power might possess it. Of its value and importance Germany is well aware. The Germans find it profitable to run a line of steamers from Sydney to Apia.

The climate is moist and tropical; cotton of the finest texture and coffee of the best quality are produced, and sugar-cane grows abundantly when planted. Copra, the dried kernel of the cocoanut, is the most important product. Annually many hundreds of tons are exported to Germany. Fruits of the many tropical varieties grow in profusion, which with fish, taro, and bread-fruit furnish food for the natives. The climate being warm, the natives require but little clothing, which usually consists of a piece of American cotton print, or native cloth made from the inner bark of a tree, worn about the loins. Their houses are simple, and are made of cocoa-nut leaves plaited together to form the sides, and roofs thatched with sugar-cane leaves, much in the form of a big beehive. An interior of a Samoan house is shown in this week's issue.



Physically the Samoans seem to be almost perfect. The men are large, well proportioned, and handsome specimens of manhood. The women are gentle in disposition, graceful of form and movement, and attractive with their simple, natural manners. They have straight black hair, which, like their persons, they keep well anointed with cocoa-nut oil. Like all Polynesians, they seem to be semi-aquatic—swim like fish, which they capture very cleverly in a number of ways. They are not a warlike people, but peaceable and quiet in disposition, and have a strong love for their homes. When, however, aroused to fight, they become wild, cruel, and desperate. With foreigners they are kind and generous and hospitable, and those whose fortune it may be to visit their homes cannot help becoming interested in them. Some one in writing of them has said, "Taking the Samoans for all and all, judging from their past and present condition, there is not a people more worthy of consideration and protection, more susceptible of improvement, or more willing to be taught to take the position amongst the enlightened races that they have so often and so earnestly sought our help to win."

THE SAMOAN QUESTION.

WE recently heard of a youthful "bookworm" who, after reading a long series of articles on our civil war, said to his father, "Yes, papa, I've read them all, but I can't find out what they were fighting about." Doubtless thousands, after devouring despatch after despatch and page after page of our daily newspapers, have found themselves in the same unsatisfactory condition as the small boy.

Our limited space precludes an exhaustive statement of the Samoan question in its historical and diplomatic bearings; therefore we can only undertake to state the more salient points of the controversy. Unlike the Atlantic Ocean, the Pacific is in many places studded with groups of islands, many of which are very fertile, and are mainly inhabited by copper-colored aborigines. So long as these were parts of continents still unclaimed, and it remained the aim of commerce to satisfy positive demands rather than to become world-absorbing, very little notice was taken of the Pacific islands. During the last four decades ideas of commerce and a colonial policy have been revolutionized. During the 'forties France established a protectorate over the Marquesas, Society, and Paumotu groups; the next decade she occupied New Caledonia; in 1864 she took the Loyalty Islands, and in 1880 made a colony of Tahiti. Great Britain already had a title to Australia; New Zealand came under her sovereignty in 1840, and the Feejee Islands in 1874. Germany was still absorbed in domestic and European politics, but in 1884 she put her heavy hand on the northern side of New Guinea, and said, "This is mine." Great Britain hastened to claim the south side, and that the poor lion might not suffer in the future, at about the same time she pocketed the Louisiade group, Long and Rook islands, and Woodlark Island. Then Spain took the Caroline Islands. France, never asleep, rushed in and seized the New Hebrides and others. England and Germany rubbed their eyes and yawned, "Let's be generous, and divide among *ourselves* what remains." Divide they actually did. With the exception of Samoa, Tonga, and Niné Island, England was to have undisputed title to all unclaimed territory in the West Pacific on one side of a line of demarcation, and Germany to have the same on the other side.

Although the well-established policy of the United States of nearly a century's standing forbids a "colonial" policy, it in no way precludes a commercial one. Owing mainly to the good offices and wise foresight of the United States, European control has been kept out of the Hawaiian Islands, and their autonomy and independence secured. This result is a great gain to us. About the same policy was adopted toward the much more distant and less important Samoan Islands.

Until within a little more than thirty years Samoa had no commerce, although United States and British consuls were first sent there over fifty years ago. About 1857 a powerful Hamburg firm selected Apia, the chief city of the islands, as a centre of their operations in the South Pacific. American interests in Samoa may be said to have begun about 1872. In 1878 a treaty was made whereby the United States was granted a coaling station in the harbor of Pago-Pago. In 1873 a special agent was sent to the United States with the request that she should protect all of the islands. But neither then nor later has the United States wished to assume a protectorate. Secretary BAYARD's first long despatch, dated June 19, 1885, stated that it would be our policy to remain neutrally aloof from the internal feuds of Samoa so long as American rights were respected and the dominion over the islands was not transferred to a single foreign flag. Further evidence of our neutrality is found in the fact that the first formal international treaty which Samoa made was one with the United States in 1878, in which we recognized the independent nationality of the native government of the group.

Owing to the half-civilized condition of the Samoans, and frequent bloody rivalries among themselves, no adequate protection was given to foreigners. To secure this a convention was in 1879 entered into by the English, German, and American consuls for the purpose of establishing a good local government for the town and adjacent territory of Apia. This was signed only by the two former, but the American consul co-operated with them. Although there has been a constant contention among the chiefs for the kingship, King MALIETOA was the representative of the native authority by which the foreign treaties had been made, and it was therefore considered to be the better policy to countenance him as the one most likely to bring about stable government.

The financial and local interests of the Germans in Samoa have far outstripped those of any other nation. The British and the Americans each lay claim to about twice as much land as the Germans, but unfortunately this is no criterion. The Germans are the only ones who have invested large sums of money in the improvement and systematic cultivation of their lands. They own and work enormous plantations, employing many hundreds of laborers. They raise and export cotton, coffee, cocoa-nuts, and copra, the dried kernel of the last. From the basis of these facts the Germans have assumed a right to control Samoan affairs. They began in 1880 by encouraging the native opposition in a war upon MALIETOA. BISMARCK has again and again assured our government that he had no desire to acquire Samoa; however, his representatives have become more and more aggressive. In November, 1884, the Germans intimidated the weak King MALIETOA into signing a treaty whereby nearly the entire control of Samoan affairs was surrendered to the Germans. When MALIETOA, a little later, refused to carry out this convention, and gave offence to the German consul-general in some other respects, they seized the sovereign rights of the King in the municipality of Apia, and drove him from his seat of government at Mulinuu and raised the German flag.

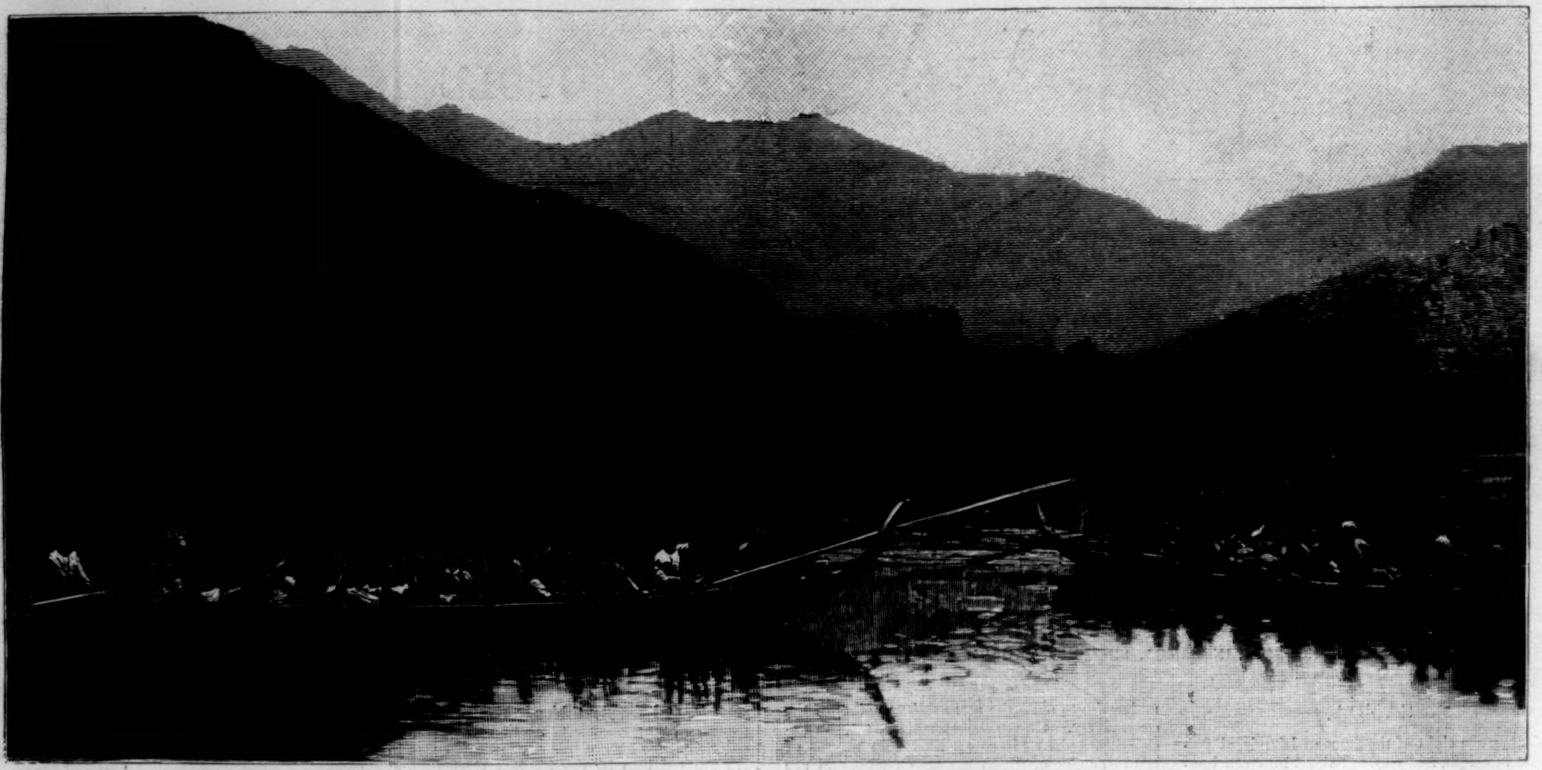
MALIETOA then offered the islands to the American consul, and induced him to assume the authority of extending to MALIETOA and his possessions the formal protectorate of the United States. This action was promptly disavowed by our government, and Germany and England so informed. The State Department continued in its former policy, holding that as each power had its treaty with the native government, their several rights ran side by side, so that any preponderance of one would clash with the interests of the others. That order might be re-established on a firm basis, the Secretary of State proposed to Lord SALISBURY and Prince BISMARCK that representatives of the three powers devise a plan for the election of a suitable chief by the natives, who should be upheld by England, Germany, and the United States. The plan was adopted, and in the summer of 1886 each power first sent a commissioner to Samoa to make a report on its condition. On account of the antipathies between the consuls of the powers it was agreed to replace them. It was also understood that the *status quo* should be maintained pending the result of the conference.

The conference first met in Washington in June, 1887. After several sittings, no agreement having been reached, the conference adjourned until autumn, in order that each member might consult his government. It was still taken as a matter of course that the *status quo* would be preserved. But Germany had a way of her own. She resolved to act independently, protect her own interests, and demand satisfaction of MALIETOA for the past and guarantees for the future. The demands of the German consul were humiliating and overbearing in the extreme, and of such a nature that it must have been foreseen (and probably so intended) that MALIETOA could not comply with them in the few hours allowed him. Two days later the revolutionist TAMASESE was proclaimed King by the German consul in spite of the protest of those of Great Britian and the United States. For two or three weeks MALIETOA was a fugitive, but afterward he was taken on board the flag-ship of the German squadron.

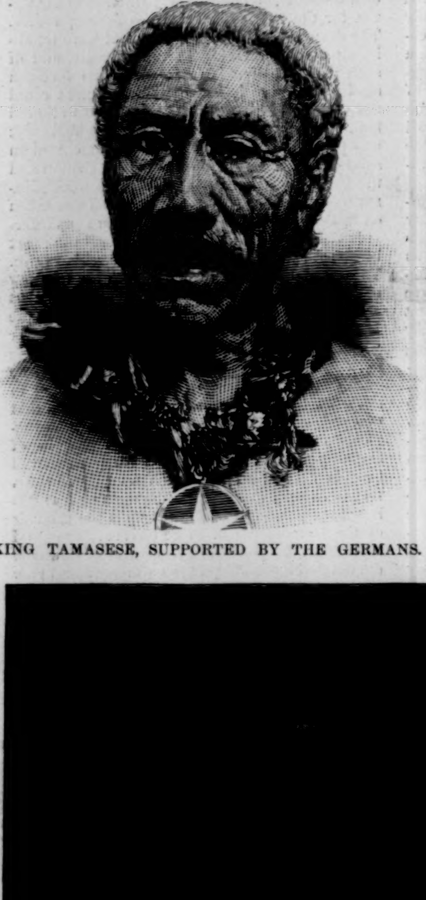
Is this brutal diplomacy? Then get the exact bearings, and find a name for Bismarckian faith. The alleged offences of MALIETOA were not new ones, but antedated by several months the first session of the conference. Germany gave the Department of State warning of her declaring war "against MALIETOA personally" just twenty-nine days *after* she had made his rival King. The municipal government of Apia was declared in abeyance by the German consul for a reason that was pitiable in its shallowness. Were not BISMARCK's heart buried beneath a mountain of brutality and deceit it would have been moved by this noble sentence, which appeared in Mr. BAYARD's reply to BISMARCK's Samoan policy: "It is not my purpose to comment upon the grounds of the German action in Samoa.... although I regret that the powerful government of Germany did not find it possible to take a more liberal view of the conditions of Samoan life and civilization and the unfortunate situation of the native King, who in regarding himself as the rightful ruler of the islands could point in confirmation of his title to a long series of acknowledgments of his authority by all of the three treaty powers."

Thus the Germans, by making fine diplomatic phrases and benevolent promises to Great Britain and the United States, while carrying out a nameless policy toward the weak and half-civilized, gained all but the full control of affairs in Samoa. Their actions during the past few months have differed from their earlier ones mainly in degree merely, and are of too recent date to make their mention necessary. In regard to our future position it is important for us to bear in mind that Germany's policy toward the Samoans, however soulless, does not of itself call for any counter-action on our part. Much as we may regret it, there is no treaty between the United States and Germany to whose wording we can point as evidence of the latter's bad faith toward us. Nor is there any treaty between the United States and Samoa which bids us take up arms in her behalf. We promised our "good offices," and those we have surely given without measure to our poor, imbecile sister. For any injuries suffered by the persons or property of Americans in Samoa we shall certainly demand and doubtless readily receive full compensation. Furthermore, we have a *moral* right to say, if we are prepared to fight for it, that owing to the location of the islands and our commerce, however small, Germany shall not retain a controlling influence in Samoa; but whether or no we *ought* to take that stand it is not at present necessary to argue.

GERMAN GUN-BOATS IN THE HARBOR OF APIA.

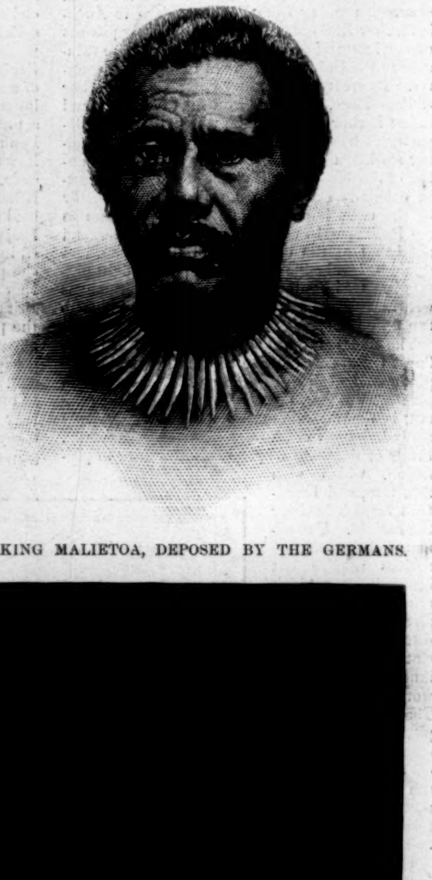


SAMOAN SEA-CANOES.

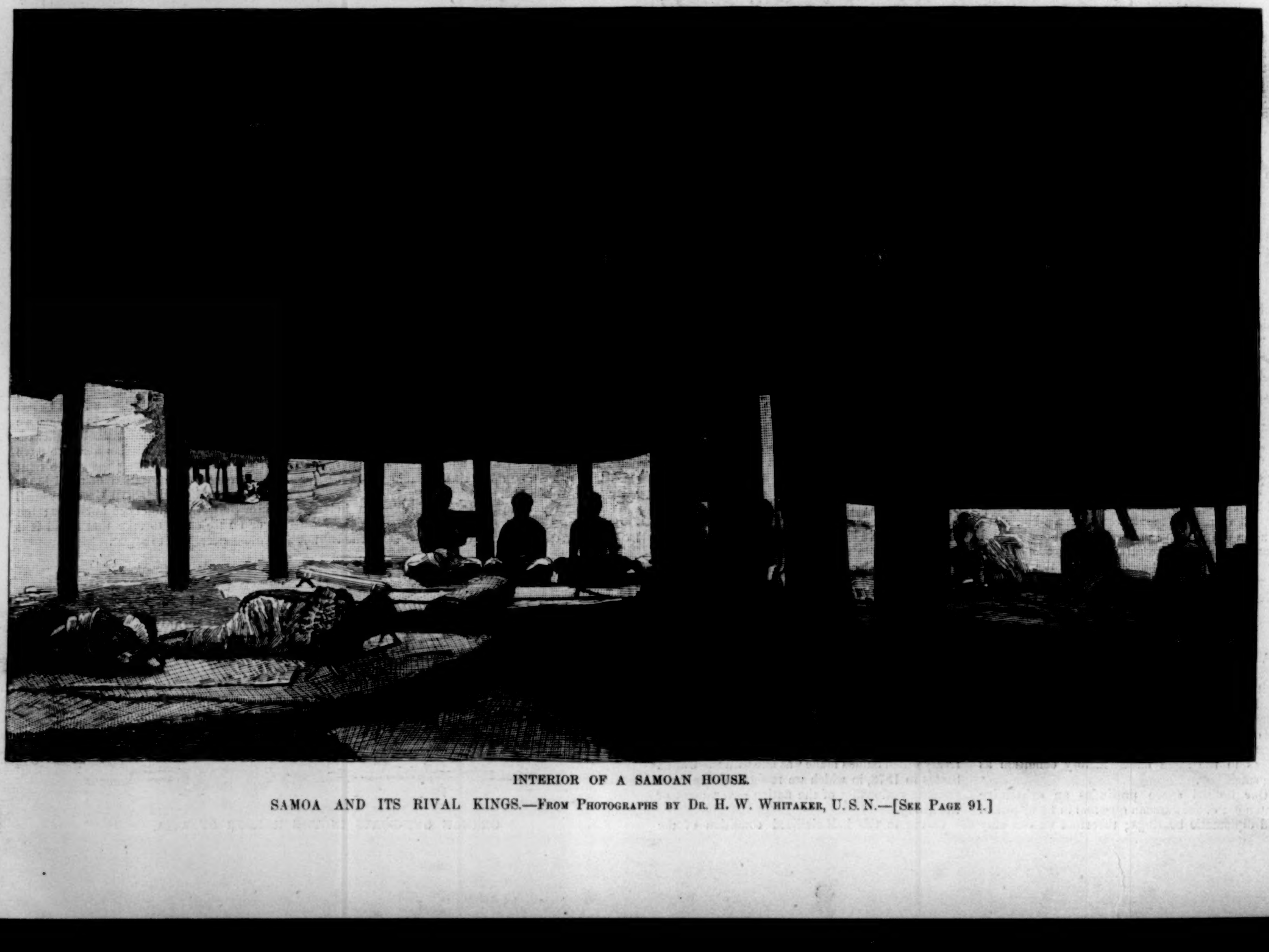


KING TAMASESE, SUPPORTED BY THE GERMANS.

THE UNITED STATES COALING STATION, PAGO-PAGO.



KING MALIETOA, DEPOSED BY THE GERMANS.



INTERIOR OF A SAMOAN HOUSE.

SAMOA AND ITS RIVAL KINGS.—From Photographs by Dr. H. W. Whitaker, U. S. N.—[See Page 91.]

MOUNTED POLICEMEN ARRESTING BURGLARS UPTOWN IN NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 90.]

THE ARABS AND THE AFRICAN PROBLEM.

The abolition of the slave-trade is only a preliminary phase of the African problem. The real issue at stake is the future civilization of the Dark Continent. The question is whether this is to be developed under European and Christian or under Arabic and Oriental influences. That the tug of war has come just at this time is owing to causes from both sides. The predominance of Arabian influences has extended in an aggressive manner during the present generation from Northern Africa and Egypt into Central Africa from ocean to ocean. According to the new map recently published by the German geographer Andree, Mohammedanism now controls at least one-third of the whole continent. On the other hand, the establishment of German colonies on the eastern coast is an attempt to bring under European control territory which had been claimed for the Arabic. The struggle ensuing is one in kind not unlike that which was settled, after the contest of a century, when the Anglo-Saxon and Protestant type, and not the Latin and Catholic, became the controlling factor and force in the civilization of the Western Continent.

In the light of history and ethnology the Arab is not a friend or a protagonist of what modern civilization considers its greatest achievements. His historical prominence dates from the Mohammedan period, when he managed to overthrow the effete civilizations of Asia and Africa, but was not able to plant a better one on the ruins he had made. He has virtually contributed nothing to the permanent advancement of culture, thought, the sciences, the arts, or good government. The glories of Bagdad and of the early Arabian Empire were little more than mechanical reproductions of what their conquered foes had achieved. The Arabic nature was but poorly adapted to the assimilation and further development of such an advanced condition of affairs. Eventually its influence everywhere has been that of a blight. The present condition of Egypt, where the ruins and remains of the civilization of the Pharaohs and of the Romans attest the dire effects of Arabic and Mohammedan supremacy, is a fair and typical example of what this influence as a factor in history has in the end accomplished wherever its power has been felt.

The Arab sheik is still a nomad after the manner of the Old Testament patriarchs, with mental and moral endowments rather worse than better. His highest ideal is to remain *in statu quo*, and to reduce all others to his grade. Naturally he has all the virtues that accompany such a conservatism, but these are of course not of a kind to make him an efficient pioneer in the enlightenment of the Dark Continent. The Semitic peoples have never been state builders. The Babylonians built their great empire on the foundations laid by their Turanian predecessors, the Akkadians; and the Phoenicians, who were indeed colonizers and the first navigators, were Semitic only in language, which they had adopted from their neighbors in Canaan.

In connection with this leading national trait of the Semites, and of the Arabs in particular, their mental peculiarities and habits are such as to incapacitate them from taking a leading part in the making of history when this making means progress. They have practically had no part or portion in the development of the world's thought. What they have done in this line has been almost entirely imitation and adoption. The faculty of analysis and pristine construction, which underlies the advance and the production of new thought, they seem to lack to a remarkable degree. As by their national traits of conservatism they are not open to new lines of action, so they have shown themselves incapable of developing originality of thought. Arabic literature, which in quantity is immense and in quality often rich, has created new and original features in but few lines, chiefly in the form of poetry and in narrative fiction. Many Arabic metres are extremely fine, and all who have enjoyed *A Thousand and One Nights* have an idea of the power of an Arabian story-teller. Indeed, the mental faculty best cultivated by the Arab is the imagination. In the exact sciences they have done a little reproductively in medicine and mathematics. They have no history to speak of, having produced little beyond chronicles containing an odd kaleidoscope of fact and fiction. In philology, grammar, and lexicography their work goes little beyond the collection of materials, which is true also of their geographers, however grateful modern scholarship is for this material. The current story of an Arabic philosophy is little better than a myth. Of this a specialist, Dr. William Wallace, says: "Arabic philosophy owed to Arabia little more than its name and its language. It was a system of Greek thought expressed in a Semitic tongue, and modified by Oriental influences." Not only could a Semitic people not have originated the philosophical system of a Plato or the logic of an Aristotle, but they cannot even apply thoroughly and well the principle of these sciences to the processes of thought. Their strength lies in another direction, but not in the leadership of thought. For this they have as little natural ability as they have for the leadership in establishing new empires with social and political order.

Even the central thought of the religion of the Arabs, namely, the abstract and metaphysical unity of the Divinity, is not original with them. Scholars were formerly of the opinion that monotheism was natural to the Semites, and polytheism to the Aryans. Recent research, especially that of Wellhausen, has shown that all the Semitic peoples and also the Arabs were originally polytheistics. The teachings of the Koran, and among them also the central doctrine, are taken from Jewish, Christian, and other sacred writings; it has little or no originality of thought. The sacred book is in substance merely a legal code. The name "Islam" signifies "submission," and herein lies the cardinal requirement of Mohammedanism. It is accordingly a legalistic system of religion, representing a stage of religious thought inferior to that of high moral and ethical ideas. In it there is no room for religious tolerance. The propaganda of Islam by means of the sword, the practices of polygamy, slave-trade, and other vices are thus not accidental bad habits of Mohammedanism that could and would be unlearned under better precept and example, but are the legitimate outward expression of an inner inferiority in ethnical, mental, and moral traits. While the Arab possesses many virtues, especially those common to primitive society, and is also distinguished by the absence of vices that disfigure modern civilization, yet, as a race, he is not at all adapted to be the leader in the new work of Africa. He will be worse than a blind leader of the blind. Not only will he not establish states and governments, build cities and towns, introduce manufactures and commerce, educate the mind and the heart in the best of principles, but he will continue to do what he has been doing for centuries, and what in his aggression into Central Africa he has been doing for a whole generation past, namely, destroy whatever beginnings of order and culture he may find. The contest against such dire influences in the new era of African life on the part of the European nations is a battle for civilization. It is almost a holy war.

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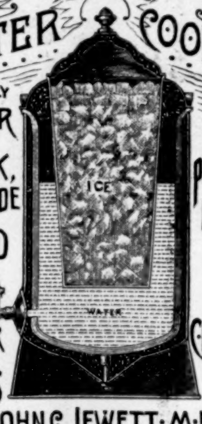

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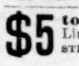

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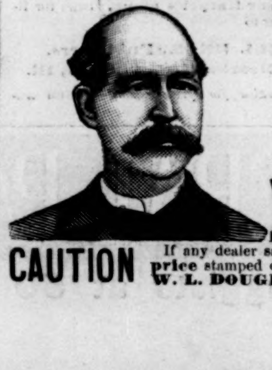

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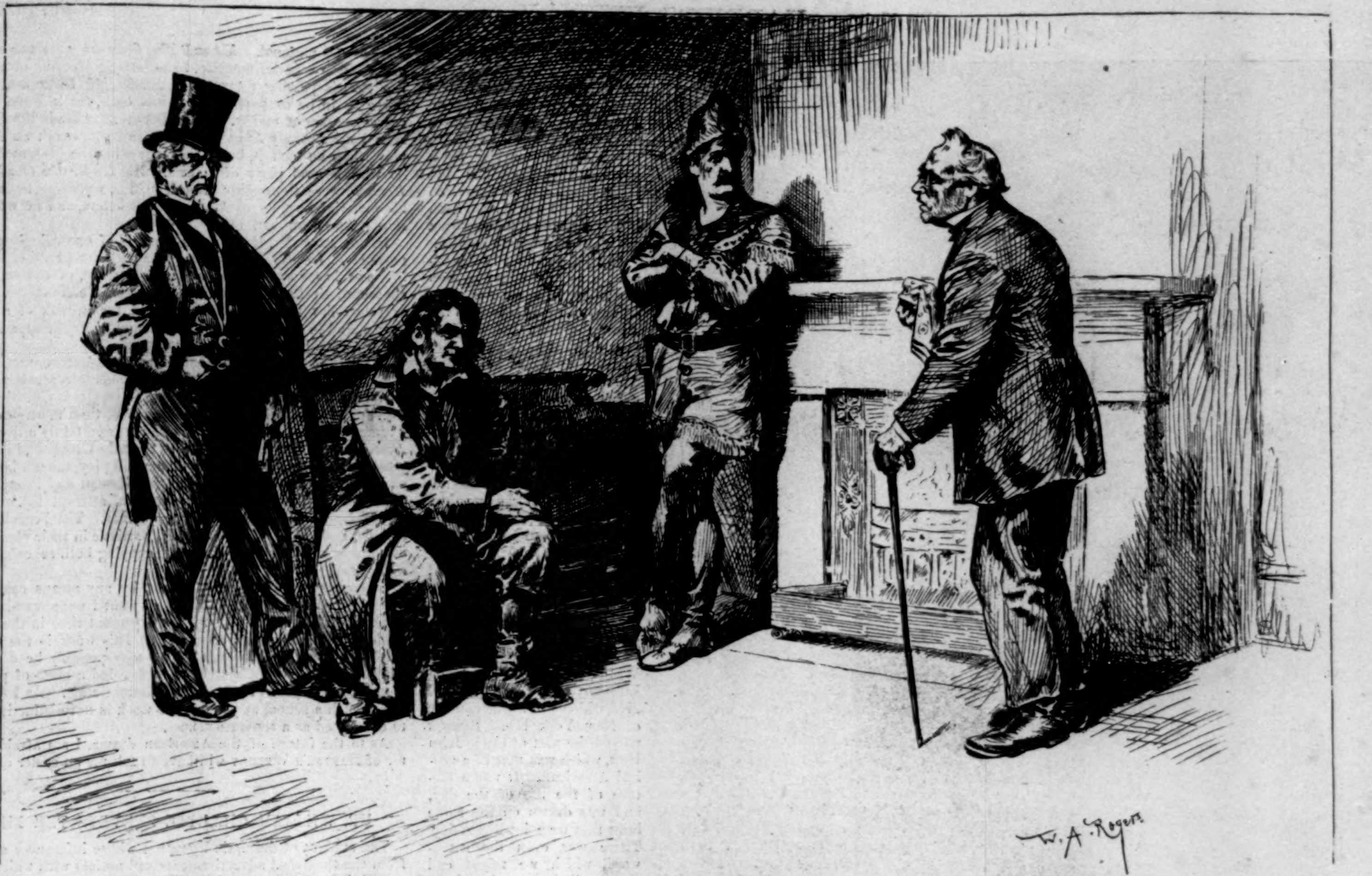


Bardwell Slote. Rip Van Winkle. Davy Crockett. Josh. Whitcomb.

AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS ON THE AMERICAN DRAMA.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S VIEWS.

I DO not consider that there is any such thing as an American school, or an American drama. The drama is one and the same thing wherever it is written. We do not vary from the form that has come down to us, and I do not see that we can. Of course there is tragedy, and there is comedy, and there are the other classes of plays, but I do not recognize different schools. Whether a play is written by an American or a Frenchman does not make the difference. It is merely a matter of the individuality of the author. A play can be American in the sense that it portrays American characters and American life. In that sense we have an American drama, and beyond any question the most distinctive work of that kind that has been done is Mr. HARRIGAN'S. It could not be mistaken for anything but New York life, and is, with limitations, a faithful portrayal of that life, though it is as rough, dramatically considered, as Gammer Gurton's needle.

I have been looking for a considerable time to see some dramatist appear who shall develop the life of the middle West, the characters and scenes that have been described by EGGLESTON. I think that is the field in which we will find the most distinctively American work to be done. If somebody should come up who could treat life in the middle Western States with the same strength of individual style that BRET HARTE formerly had, the yield would be especially rich, and would be more typically American than anything else that could be done.

The dramatists of America have made a good showing of work in the past, considering the youth of our country, and certainly there seems to be every prospect of their doing good work and plenty of it in the future. There have been dramatists here almost from the first of our history, and many of them have sought for materials in America. Naturally the war of the Revolution suggested materials to many, and there was at one time a considerable number of plays founded on incidents of the Revolution. Now, however, there is little interest in Revolutionary plays, and even the plays that treat of the Civil War do not excite any very broad interest in the large cities.

Of the earlier dramatists there were a number who did work which had real value. HOWARD PAYNE'S *Brutus* is still played and enjoyed, and a number of others wrote plays of no small literary value, aside from their excellence as material for actual representation on the stage. In later days there have been a host of American workers who have added, and are still adding rapidly, to the volume of really good plays. The authors of such plays as *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, *Esmeralda*, *Victor Durand*, *Saratoga*, *My Partner*, *Conscience*, *The Banker's Daughter*, *The Mighty Dollar*, and very many more that might be mentioned, have assuredly not originated a distinctively American drama, but they have added to the dramatic literature of the stage. BROUGHAM and BOUCICAULT, although they were neither of them born here, have worked in America, and have contributed to what we may call our national drama.

There have been plays, and many of them, which have turned on distinctively American characteristics. Among the best known of these, such as *Solon Shingle*, *Davy Crockett*, *Joshua Whitcomb*, *The Mighty Dollar*, and the like, it is noticeable that they have very little title to distinction as literary work, but they are all excellent acting plays.

In all this I have tried to make it clear that it does not matter whether an American dramatist chooses American material or not. His work, so long as it is added to the volume of work done in America and in the American spirit, belongs to the American drama. As a matter of fact, the dramatists of this country seldom do choose American subjects, but nearly all greatly prefer foreign material. They are entirely right in this, for the work of an artist is not to be restricted artificially. It cannot be, indeed, and the playwrights of all nations and generations have recognized this. They have gone to other countries and other ages for their characters and their stories, and by treating these have made them their own. They have never relied on delineations of national characteristics.

As for the prospects for the American dramatist to-day, there are always chances for the artist who does good work, and the rewards for the dramatist who succeeds are very great. There are certainly a great number of writers working in this direction, and of course it is not to be expected that all, or even a large proportion of them, should prove successful. There are not a majority of the workers in any line who prove successful. And no man should expect his first play to be a success, or even a tolerable play, unless, indeed, he is some exceptional genius, with enough technical knowledge to keep his work within the lines of possibility in stage representation. Even then it would be probably the case that his work would have to be revised considerably before it would play well.

The wise thing, for a beginner especially, and generally for any dramatist, to do in writing a play is to collaborate with some one whose talents will supplement his own. Very few men combine the ability to delineate character, present incident, develop a plot, and write dialogue. One man can do one or two of these, and another may do the rest. It is a favorite method of work with foreign authors, and in my judgment it would be wise for our American dramatists to follow it more than they do.

As to the trouble that many dramatists complain of which they experience in getting their work presented, I do not see that there is any way to overcome that excepting by perseverance, and the performance of really good work. The presentation of a play is a matter that involves the expenditure of a large amount of money, and no manager is going to risk his money hastily on a new work, so that unless the author has the money to invest he must wait till he can convince some manager of the money-making quality of his work.

It seems to me that the future of the drama in America is exceedingly bright. The status of the theatre was never as good as it is at present; and it is a remark that I have made before, that attacks upon the theatre nowadays are attacks upon the patrons rather than upon the players. Certainly the very best people we have in American society patronize the theatre to-day, and it is to gratify their tastes that the theatre is made what it is. If, then, the theatre is attacked, the critics are animadverting on the tastes of the best society.

Not only is the drama pure and the theatre respectable, but the moral of actors in this country is unsurpassed by that of any other country or age. With these conditions, and the constant competitive efforts of a small army of dramatic writers to produce the best work, there is no reason to have any misgivings about the future.

MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN SPEAKS.

IT is hard to measure the value of any play, so many are the stand-points from which authorities look. The most important of all is the stand-point of the box-office. According to the financial code of ethics, that drama is good which pays a handsome profit, and that one vile which causes loss to its projector. The literary stand-point has fallen into "innocuous desuetude." VICTOR HUGO threw the first stone at the purely literary critic, and almost every playwright since has followed the example. So great is the change that there ought to be new words invented to express the difference between "playing plays" and "reading plays." At the present time the same name is applied to TENNYSON'S *Queen Mary* and HOYT'S *Hole in the Ground*.

The moral stand-point is, if not falling into abeyance, at least changing to a very remarkable extent. Within the memory of theatre-goers the nude was almost unknown, and anything savoring of immorality was tabooed. At present no light opera nor spectacular performance can be a success without a superabundant display of corporeal charms, and the number of such plays as *A Parisian Romance*, *As in a Looking-glass*, *Zitka*, *Theodora*, and *La Tosca*, whose corner-stones are unchastity and vice, is constantly on the increase.

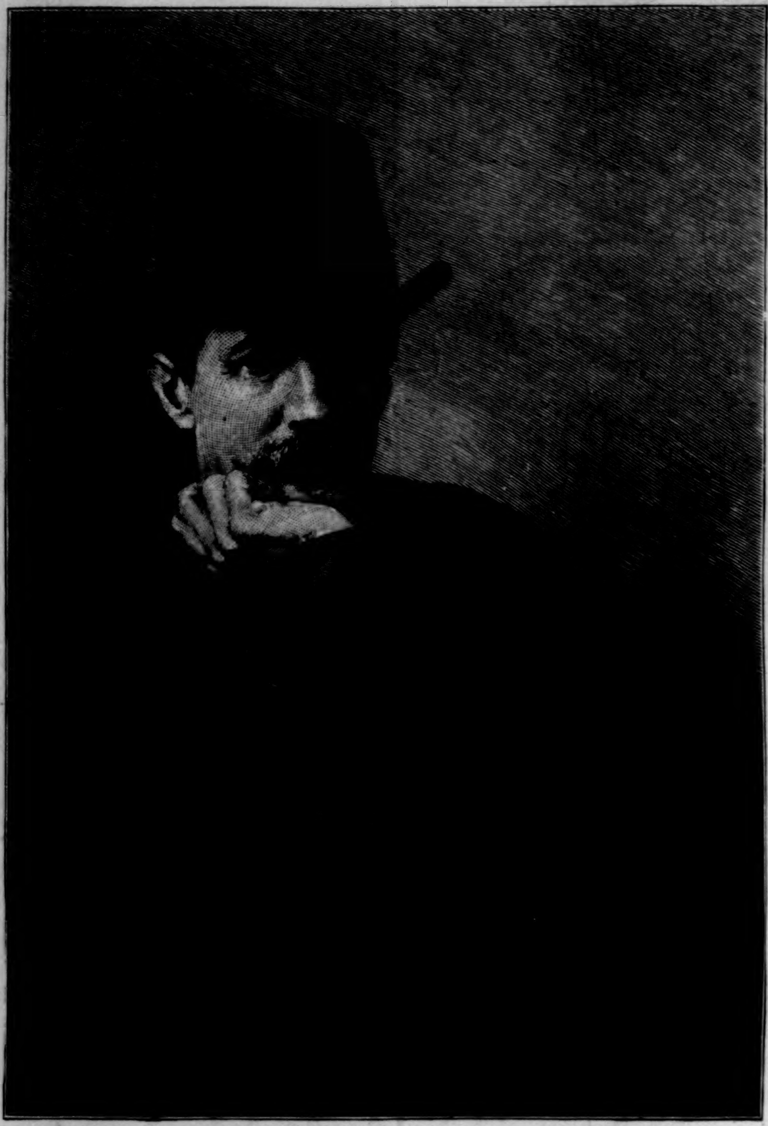
Perhaps the only general rule of valuing a dramatic composition is by applying the question, "Does it contain enough powerful, interesting, humorous, or beautiful features to attract and hold public attention?" This touchstone does away with all the stand-points referred to, and enables us to form a fair opinion of modern dramatic values.

At the outset of my career I found that whenever I tried to portray a type, I was warmly applauded by the audience, and praised by the press the next day. This, in all probability, is what gave me a decided bent, and has confined all my work to certain fields. It began with the New York "boy," the Irish-American, and our African brother. As these grew in popularity I added the other prominent types which go to make up life in the metropolis, and in every other large city of the Union and Canada. These are the Irishman, Englishman, German, Low German, Chinese, Italian, Russian, and Southern darky. I suppose erelong I shall add the Bohemian, Hungarian, Roumanian, Polak, and Scandinavian. As yet, however, their turn has not come. This system has given my pieces their peculiar polyglot character.

Though I use types and never individuals, I try to be as realistic as possible. Not only must the costuming and accessories be correct, but the speech or dialect, the personal "make-up," the vices and virtues, habits and customs, must be equally accurate in their similarity to the facts. Each drama is a series of photographs of life to-day in the Empire City. As examples, the bar-room in one of the Mulligan series was copied from a saloon in Roosevelt Street, the opium den in *Investigation* from a "joint" in Pell Street, and the "dive" in *Waddy Googan* from an establishment in the neighborhood of the Bowery.

If I have given undue prominence to the Irish and negro, it is because they form about the most salient features of Gotham humanity, and also because they are the two races who care the most for song and dance. There are at least three hundred organizations in New York like the Mulligan Guards, and probably fifty like The Full Moons.

In constructing a plot, I use one that is simple and natural—just like what happens around us every day. Sometimes I'll start with only a germ, and let it develop of its own accord as I write. While doing my best to obtain realism in the plot, I try to avoid that whose sole value is local or temporary, and construct something that will interest and amuse ten or even twenty years hence. With the plot fixed or started, and with the types and places in my mind, it is easy to construct the characters and write the piece. When this is done, my work, unlike that of most playwrights, is just begun. The next stage is "smoothing and brightening the raw material." Here I elaborate what situations I have sketched



AUGUSTIN DALY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

out and create new ones, arrange antitheses between the characters and between the different scenes, increase the wit and humor of the dialogue and the fun or nonsense of the climaxes. The third stage sees it cast and rehearsed. I can now see what effect it is going to have upon an audience, and can practically realize the good points and bad. The first stage is the shortest, and the third the longest of the three.

It is seldom I use any material but what I described. Polite society, wealth, and culture possess little or no color and picturesqueness. The chief use I make of them is as a foil to the poor, the workers, and the great middle class. The average gentleman is so stereotyped that he has no value except in those plays where he is a pawn on the chess-board of melodramatic vice or tragic sin. He does very well in *Camille* and *Forget-me-not*, but I can't imagine him at home in a happy tenement-house or enjoying himself at a colored ball.

It may be that I have struck a new idea in confining my work to the daily life of the common people. Why some other playwright does not try the same experiment, I cannot say. Their trials and troubles, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, are more varied and more numerous than those of the Upper Ten. Whoever puts them on the stage appeals to an audience of a million, while the author of *Two Nights in Rome* or *The Professor* addresses scarcely one-tenth as many. And human nature is very much the same the world over. It thins out and loses all strength and flavor under the pressure of riches and luxury. It is most virile and aggressive among those who know only poverty and ignorance. It is also then the most humorous and odd. *Cordelia's Aspirations* gain what value they have because they are couched in the dialect of the poor emigrant, and flavored with the aroma of want. A cultured, refined, and beautiful millionaire, Cordelia, aspiring to be numbered among billionaires, talking faultless English, and exhaling an atmosphere of good-breeding, would excite not the shadow of a smile, but simply pity and disgust.

In the realism which I endeavor to employ I believe in being truthful to the laws which govern society as well as to the types of which it is composed. A playwright drops to a low level when he tries being a moralist, but to a much lower level when he gilds vice and sin and glorifies immorality. All of these are parts of life, and as such are entitled to be represented in the drama. The true realist will depict them as they are. Though he make the drunkard a source of infinite merriment to the multitude, he will not conceal the rags, misery, and disease which follow in his footsteps; though he discover virtue in criminals and tramps, he will not be blind to the qualities which outweigh and crush it down; and above all he will portray the fact that right-doing, kindness, and good-nature are in the majority, and "control the machine."

Though there are shams everywhere to be pricked and ridiculed, and humbugs to be exposed and laughed out of existence, these are only incidents which, though they appear and disappear incessantly, are not parts of the real humanity beneath. The adage "To hold the mirror up to nature" is as applicable to the swarming myriads of New York as to the Greek warriors before Priam's city, or the lords and nobles who surrounded the TUDORS.

MR. BRONSON HOWARD ILLUSTRATES AND DEFINES.

IN defining the American drama I should not limit the field of the dramatist's work any more than I would that of the poet. The American drama is the whole body of the drama as it is written by American dramatists, and is not by any means confined to plays on American subjects or with American characters. I would certainly resent the idea, if any one maintained it seriously, that a man writing plays was not an American dramatist because he might happen to choose subjects other than American. I have preferred American subjects for my own work, but I do not consider for a moment that I am for that reason any more an American writer than I would have been if I had chosen to construct my plays of foreign material.

I would go as far in this direction as to say that if DION BOUCICAULT is an American citizen, his plays belong to the American drama, although it is a fact that he is a foreigner by birth, and that he has almost exclusively written of Irish scenes and characters. In a word, the American drama is that volume of plays produced in America by Americans, and the subject-matter of the plays themselves has nothing to do with the question.

As to the latter subject, the field of the drama itself, there are, and have been for a long time, very many plays of real excellence based on American stories with American characters. My own recollection goes back to the time when BURTON was playing in the old Winter Garden Theatre, and I distinctly recall a play called *Self*, which was a true comedy of New York life. BURTON played the part of Uncle John Unit, which was that of a typical American. It was a picture of the life of the day, and was drawn on the same lines that we paint life to-day. There was even the catchword, which we might call characteristically American, which Uncle John Unit used on all occasions, whether it was a simple trade or a problem of morals. "Will it pay?" he always said, and the phrase became street slang. There were pictures of social life in the city, and there was a shopping scene, which certainly was American, for ladies in Europe do not go "shopping" as New York ladies understand the word.

I should agree with Mr. DALY in saying that there is at present no such thing as a distinctively American school of dramatic art, but I am inclined to think that when there have been fifty American plays produced for one that we have now, there will slowly crystallize a school. It will not, however, happen until then. We now have simply a number of Americans writing plays in the English language. The question whether there will ever arise an American school as distinguished from the English school, as that has come down to us from the earlier writers, will depend entirely on whether there shall come up any special mode of construction or strong peculiarity of work in the way of character delineation or literary work. The mere making of plays with American subjects and plots would not make an American school, though it might constitute a branch of it.

A school is not a mere body of literature by any means. It is literature that contains something characteristic and different from other work which constitutes a school. It is the manner of treatment, and not the subject or field, which makes a school. To illustrate this, it may be said that the German school embraces a sort of farcical comedy, in which they include and combine real life and true sentiment of the German kind. Now real life and true sentiment are to the French mind utterly and entirely irreconcilable. They are like oil and water.

Mr. DALY's own reproductions of foreign plays are ordinarily Americanized before they are presented to the New York public, and we have had a number of other plays that may be called distinctively American, not only in authorship and scene and subject, but in treatment. I would certainly class *Rip Van Winkle*, *Davy Crockett*, *The Danites*, and *My Partner* among the characteristically American plays.

To take another field, we have seen the success of a thousand, more or less, of trivialities in the way of burlesque plays, that are full of American features, such as the characters that became known by their catchwords of "Front," "Fifty cents all 'round," and the like. Then take the *Gilded Age*. It is a type of still another class. Colonel Sellers is a great picture of a typical character, and Bardwell Slote is another.

It is, in fact, easy to name many plays that have taken their place among American productions as distinctively national. *Kit* and *The Octoroon* were two of these, and deserve especial mention, being strong pictures of a class of life that is passing away. The Mississippi River drama could never again be as popular as it was once, for it is no longer a representation of reality. Then BOUCICAULT made the *Streets of New York* strongly American. Of course it wasn't an American play when he took it, but it was one when he presented it here. So with several plays of DALY'S. His *Under the Gas-light* and *Horizon* were thoroughly American, for, wherever he may take his material, he puts in American characters, and he works with strong American instincts.

In one sense Mr. HARRIGAN'S work is of exceedingly great importance. He has dealt in his plays with one phase of American life, and has done it most ably. It is local, of course, but it is characteristically American, and is of notable character. Its importance lies in the part it plays in the growth of a national drama, and in this direction its influence is very great, and will be felt for a long time.

In addition to all these, JOHN BROUGHAM, BOUCICAULT, and LESTER WALLACK have brought out a considerable number of plays of strong American character, though very many of these plays were, considered artistically, nothing more than mere skits. One, I remember, was on Mormonism, which is certainly a distinctively American matter. And only very recently GILLETTE, in *The Professor*, has produced a strongly American play, though he attempted in its construction to combine the German and French schools of treatment. It was a most successful attempt too, and he accomplished it in the most artistic manner. The French are very artistic, and the Germans radically inartistic in their combinations of comedy and farce, but GILLETTE, copying both schools, achieved a very artistic success.

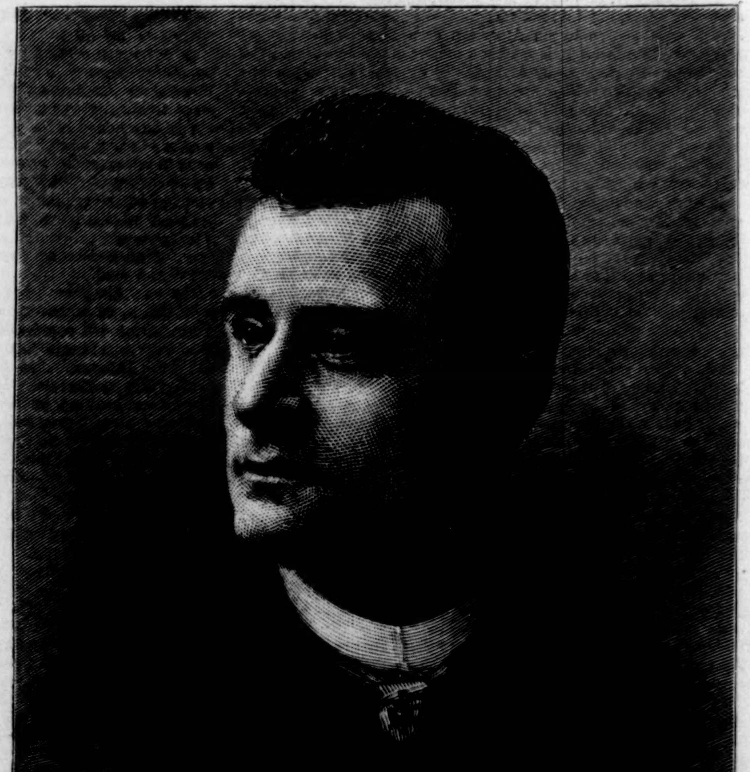
Of course these instances do not by any means compose the entire list, but they are examples of what I understand to be the work which has been done up to the present time in the direction of developing an American drama. This work is the only suggestion, so far as I know, of what may possibly be done in the future by American playwrights to develop a class of plays that may become a part of a school of dramatic art. As I said, there is not such a school as yet, for the work is not distinctive enough to be classed as a separate school.

As to the future of the American drama, I am afraid the Editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY will have to ask me an easier one.

MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE SURVEYS THE FIELD.

THE student of dramatic literature whose inferences are drawn from the theatrical advertisements and notices with which the columns of the daily press of the United States are overcrowded, or whose experience is based upon the long series of "first nights" in the theatres of the great cities of the land, is but too apt to deplore the condition of the stage, and to believe that the playwright's art is on the wane. Nevertheless, while these views are very plausible, they are the very opposite of the truth. It is hardly necessary to repeat the truism that the law of the survival of the fittest applies as well to plays, parts, and players as to every other field of life. The stage in every generation is crowded with plays—good, bad, and indifferent. The number of dramatic compositions in English alone must run up far over the hundred thousand mark. Yet of this vast army of the children of the brain but a small percentage escape the law of infant mortality, and a much smaller one achieve what may be termed permanent success. This process of elimination is as active and efficient to-day as ever before. While it is ruthless, and works ruin to hundreds and thousands of incompetents, it is beneficent in the long-run, producing a meritorious dramatic literature, and richly rewarding those authors who by accident, intuition, or hard study conform to its provisions and produce works that are responsive to its demands.

The trouble with most dramatic writers is that while they see and to a large extent appreciate the endless changes in methods, ideas, social relations, and personalities engendered by the prog-



EDWARD HARRIGAN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK.

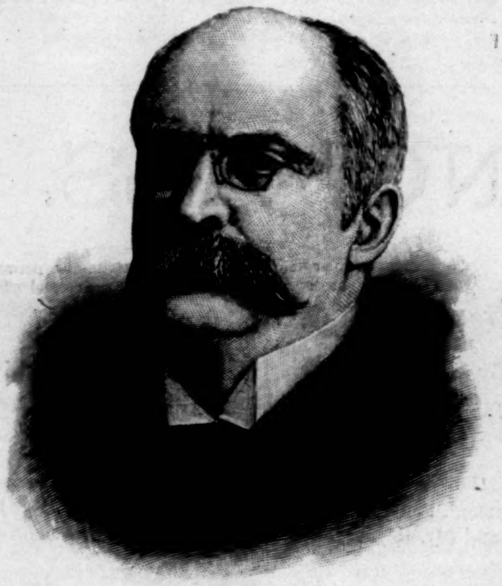
ress of society, they do not, on the one hand, realize that the dramatic laws or principles which underlie all work remain unchanged, nor on the other that each age demands for its recreation the presentation in artistic form of the varied elements which constitute and characterize its daily life.

A fair illustration is perhaps afforded by HOWARD's *Henrietta*, one of the best comedies of the present time. In many respects it is a series of perfect photographs. No descriptive writer could give a better picture of the Wall Street maelstrom, of the inane habits of purposeless young millionaires, and of the wild scramble for wealth through modern methods, in which health, life, honor, reputation, and decency are madly used as collateral security in the market, than is presented in visible form upon the boards by the author of this play.

The slight changes required by dramatic art to produce antitheses and climaxes are effected by the delineation of character in slightly eccentric forms, the dexterous juxtaposition of incidents, and an ever-varying sequence of contrasts, but never by the distortion of facts or the violation of probabilities.

On the other hand, how many plays die still-born from the non-application of this principle! When motives and methods true and natural enough in other years are re-dressed in the modern vernacular, and readorned with modern clothes, habits, and manners, no matter how high the literary merit or how great the skill employed, the audience vaguely feels the incongruity, and resents the unnatural union between opposing and unassimilative types.

In the development of the American drama a promising feature is the tendency toward realism as opposed to conventionalism. By realism should be inferred not actualism, but the artistic representation of reality. This proposition verges on very debatable ground. Every recent essay toward putting the actual upon the boards has met with unbounded applause from the galleries and a portion of the parquet. The success of live horses and a real steam fire-engine in one play, of a fiery steed in *Mazeppa* and numerous so-called border dramas, of a long assorted lot of water-tanks in aquiferous spectacles, and of a large healthy cow in a new comedy, seem for the moment indisputable evidence to the contrary. Yet the success of these will not be permanent if we are to judge from the past. Within twenty-five years there have been witnessed dramatic productions in which the elephant, buffalo, lion, bear, dog, and donkey were honored stars. All of these children of the menagerie but one have passed into oblivion, the donkey alone remaining. Perhaps no more appropriate result



BRONSON HOWARD.

could have been afforded by the law of the survival of the fittest to express the intrinsic value of actualism as opposed to artistic realism.

It is as impossible to exactly reproduce nature upon the stage as upon the easel. Art must have recourse to the principle of suggestiveness. The mimic clatter of hoofs produces the same idea as the visible gallop of a soldier's charger from Right Upper Entrance to Left Lower Entrance, but it does not excite the fear that the animal will plunge into the bass-drum in the orchestra, or convert a mimic town or forest into a wilderness of shattered framework or ruined canvas. The plunge of D'Artagnan into a painted ocean, or of Monte Cristo into an illusory sea, is more natural and thrilling than the shivering leap of a water-proofed heroine into a tank of cold water in midwinter.

We do not appreciate the extent toward which realism has gone in these latter days. A rural scene in Booth's Theatre, New York, not twenty years ago, consisted of a drop-curtain and eight or ten side-pieces, all stock property, and used indiscriminately to represent an American wilderness, an English grove, or a Roman campagna.

To-day, in *Hoodman Blind*, for example, the "turnstile" scene is a work of art in which an English forest is represented with a fidelity, delicacy, and poetic feeling suggestive, if not worthy, of a COROT.

In the operatic productions at the Metropolitan Opera-house, the stage setting which characterizes Daly's Theatre, the Madison Square, Palmer's, the Broadway, the Lyceum, and fifty other great houses of amusement which might be mentioned, so thoroughly is this law of artistic realism obeyed that vast fortunes are expended, and an army of skilled artisans and artists employed upon the purely mechanical and material portions of the drama.

In the presentation of plays there is ever a conflict between two tendencies or schools, if the fact will allow the use of the term. In one the author or star, after directing the general outlines of the various parts, allows a liberal discretion to each actor in filling the character which has been intrusted to him. In the other, the author or star supplies himself every detail, and trains and drills the actor until he is mechanically "perfect." The one permits, or tends to permit, the display of originality on the part of the individual performer; the other tends to restrict this to a minimum or to destroy it altogether.

A capital instance of the latter tendency was afforded very recently. A leading lady, more distinguished by her beauty and literary talents than by her histrionic ability, applied for a letter of recommendation to a great actor with whom she had played an entire season.

"What do you wish me to write?" asked the star.

"Only a short letter," she answered, "stating that I was a good actor while under your management."

"But I have never seen you act yet except in my company."

"Well, is not that sufficient?"

"Absolutely not! You did only what I told you to do. You were myself dressed in your body and clothes. It was good acting, I admit, but it was mine, and not yours. As I never saw you in other companies, all that I can write is that you are very competent to fill parts with which you are intrusted."

The statement, however cruel it seemed, was borne out by the facts. The lady started starring in her own right, and in a short time, to use the expressive colloquialism of the stage, was obliged "to walk the railroad ties to her home."

The extent to which the restrictive tendency is carried is almost unknown to the public. The mere work of memorizing the words and "business" of a play is inconsiderable, seldom requiring more than three rehearsals; yet many of our best managers and playwrights require from twenty to a hundred rehearsals of a play, not to speak of those of individual parts. It may seem a surprise, but it is hardly an exaggeration, to state that many prominent New York actors spend more time upon rehearsing than they do in playing. While the system tends to repress, if not destroy, original genius in the single actor, it produces superb results as a whole.

The true system lies between the two, and seems to be slowly coming into vogue. On the one hand, it gives the outlines of each part, and colors and shapes the filling-up which is to make it realistic and expressive of the author's thought, while on the other it leaves many points for the individual player to make his own, and at the same time is ready to conform and modify details to meet some new and original stroke on the latter's part.

Excepting in those cases where the author depicts or caricatures a historical or local character, all parts are essentially types. The better the literary and dramatic work, the more comprehensive is the character drawn. When a part is assigned to an actor, his ability is displayed by the manner in which he shapes the character. If commonplace, he gives the type and nothing more. If shrewd, he gains from author, critic, or elsewhere some concrete notion out of the ordinary run, and does what is called good work. But if talented, or, rarer still, a genius, he creates an individuality which, while it belongs to the type the author had in view, rises into a personality which attains success, if not fame. It was in this wise that SOTHERN struck out his memorable rôle of Dundreary, and other great artists the parts which have gone down to dramatic fame.

MR. JOHN GROSVENOR WILSON'S PLEA FOR THE ROMANTIC DRAMA.

MY own bent is strongly toward the romantic drama. The old classification of dramatic literature, tragic, comic, and melo-dramatic, is as applicable and correct as ever, so far as it goes, but to be comprehensive it should include the romantic, in which lofty sentiment, heroic characters, poetic language, and idealized life are presented with those charms of beautiful presentment that make the acted play a picture as well as a poem.

Yet to-day there is no theatre in America devoted to this class of the drama, and there has been little presentation of it in our country beyond the work of CHARLES FECHTER and some occasional experiments by the great stars of the profession. This I should call one of the peculiarities of the drama in America. In the Latin countries it has long flourished, and HENRY IRVING's fame in London depends upon his romantic productions rather than his tragedy or comedy. Therefore I look forward to a growth of interest in this form of drama as one of the changes likely to occur in America.

The tendency of to-day, it seems to me, is to overdo the realistic. Real steam-engines, ponds of water with naphtha launches afloat therein, and barns with live hens and geese surrounding them, may be excellent adjuncts, but seem to me insufficient to constitute, as they do, the principal attractions of a certain class of the drama. The unusual rather than the commonplace seems the worthier field for ambitious work, although it is true that to the average man the contemplation of the unusual may be tiresome and difficult; and it must be conceded that a certain level of mediocrity is always more popular than work on a higher level can be made.

Perhaps the most striking example of this that has been seen in this country is the wonderful success of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which still draws crowds wherever it is presented, in the city or in the country. That play was founded on the best-advertised novel in the world—a timely and most sensational novel dealing with the old eternal sentiments, and presenting the favorite pictures of vice trampling upon virtue, and virtue finally triumphant.

This fact is, to some extent, a hampering influence in the growth of the American drama; for the theatre, in this country at least, must always be a business enterprise, and the manager must always present what pays. So, as there are a thousand people who admire the "May Queen" for one who can read the "Idyls of the King," the theatre finds its greatest profit in the sentimental or mediocre drama which appeals to the common instincts of humanity with sentiments that are easily understood.

The dramatist, however, who works below the level of his own talent in the desire to produce a profitable play is no true artist. Descending from the plane of his art, he becomes a playwright merely. Some of what are called the dramatic successes of the day are by no means truly described by the phrase. They are merely the business successes of cheap sentiment. The true drama is only to be constructed by the patient hard worker. Even genius is obliged to work hard in order to accomplish a great thing.

In attempting to formulate a drama I have found it necessary to work systematically as well as patiently, and have a certain order of procedure which I cannot transgress without hurt to the result. It does not follow that another man should adopt the same order of sequence, but to me it is the logical order.

First, I think out a complete plot for the play. This must not only be dramatic in the sense of dealing with powerful emotions and strong situations, but it must be coherent and thoroughly consistent throughout, having one general tendency, and pointing one principal thought. Next, I divide the story into acts, in such a way that each act shall be a chapter of the story, and shall not only fill its part but occupy its own proper place in the sequence. Then I try to produce a fitting and dramatic climax to each act, always keeping in mind that the final climax must properly conclude the play, and that no previous position must be stronger than the last.

Fourthly, I study the characterization. Where all is important it is difficult to give one part of a work precedence, but on the characters of a play depends more of its merit than anything else. A study of SHAKESPEARE shows that to my mind. Not one of his characters was a mere person, but all were types. Not a single one of them is without a meaning as illustrative of some phase of humanity, up to his master creation, Hamlet, whom I take to be a picture, not of an individual, but of man as the whole of humanity.

It is not enough, however, to have individual characters. They must be grouped in such a manner that they will properly balance and contrast with each other; and this must be done, not only on the broad lines of virtue and villany, but with regard to the finer shades of character. For example, the choleric and the amiable individuals must be made to serve as foils, one to another.

After the characterization, and last of all, I undertake the dialogue, and in writing this the situations are naturally arranged and elaborated. And as this is in progress a man must always, as he goes along, see every action that he is portraying, and be able to balance them properly, seeing the effect and bearing of each one on the progress of the story. This must be done, not only from a literary stand-point, but with critical judgment of the human interest of each action in the play. On the dramatic movement depends the acting success of a play as fully as the literary success depends on the characterization. I will go so far as to say that while it is desirable, of course, to write in good English, yet I can conceive of a play that would be really admirable on account of its dramatic movement, although it might be a living violation of every rule of the English language.

The question then is, "What is the perfect play?" I do not see that there is any difference between an American play and any other, excepting that it is written by an American, and may or may not deal with American subjects. To whatever school the play belongs, it should have certain qualities which do not vary. The curtain should go up on a scene which is the absolute and logical outcome of certain events which are supposed to have occurred prior to the beginning of the story. In other words, the play should begin at a strong situation in the story, and should not be an attempt to present all the circumstances which have led to that situation. The first act should then be the inevitable following out of the opening situation to its legitimate and necessary conclusion.

More than that, the end of the first act, which should be its climax—for it must, if the interest is to be kept up, end with a climax—should be the embryo of the first situation in the second act. So the play should proceed through the chosen number of acts, each one being logical as well as dramatic in action, and each leading naturally to the next one, and every development of character and incident being the natural sequence of everything that has preceded it in the whole play. The close must be, of course, the result of all that has been told, not only in general but in detail. No character must be introduced and dropped before the end, or even at the end, with a lame and insufficient conclusion, for every character in the drama must be of sufficient importance to call for a thorough development and an adequate part in the story.

Nor should any character serve only the purpose of forwarding the action of the play, for I hold that, as in a novel, each individual should be a type representing some section of mankind, not merely presenting personal eccentricities. This, as before said, is most aptly illustrated by SHAKESPEARE's work, and is to be learned by a study of his writings.

As a matter of course, perfection is rarely seen anywhere, and it is no valid criticism on the American drama to say that few plays, if any, on our stage fulfil all these conditions entirely. The most that any dramatist can do is to aspire to perfection. He may not hope to reach it. But there are among American dramatists a constantly increasing knowledge, a perception of truth that is constantly growing clearer, and a boundless ambition. The future of the art in this country must be great, for the opportunities are unlimited, and the intelligence of the American worker in this, as in any other direction, is unsurpassed.

MR. STEELE MACKAYE ON STAGE SETTING.

THE most pleasing feature of the American drama of to-day is the ever-increasing attention paid to stage setting. This is true in a popular as well as in a technical sense. Never before has so much money and thought been directed toward those details on which artistic success depends.

Yet we are far from not only where we ought to be, but from the proud position occupied by the European stage. This is not due to any lack of public spirit, nor to false economy, but partly to the intellectual carelessness of the American public and partly to the absence of the artistic spirit in the general management of theatres. To-day, just as two thousand years ago, the money-changer sits in the temple. The problem that the manager perpetually considers is, "How can I make the most money in the least time?" He seldom asks, "How can I best present the best play by the best people?"

There are scores of magnificent playhouses which are worthy settings of the noblest dramas of the race. But they are desecrated by being the scene of the dramatic imbecility, the serio-comic absurdity, and the meaningless spectacles of the present day. In one respect the manager is not to be blamed. Human nature does pursue the flying dollar, and doubtless will forever. It is only natural in the race for wealth that a manager should at times yield to the temptation of producing a worthless play which will return to him vast profits. He is to blame for not realizing that the highest art, when properly presented, is in the long-run most remunerative. HENRY IRVING's work has paid well, and his name will be remembered for generations, while the managers and stars who laughed him to scorn at the beginning of his career are already forgotten.

There is a general law which runs all through the theatrical universe: There must be love and enthusiasm in the man for his labor. When this rule is complied with, his inspirations are measured by his aspirations.

In the mechanics of stage setting the greatest law is that which RUSKIN applied to architecture, "Appropriateness, utility, fidelity.'" Thus, for example, the artisan makes a library scene of impossible painted bookcases, and the furniture of a parlor such as is displayed in an ordinary shop-window. Another artisan presents a ballroom by crowding together as much handsome furniture and useless decoration as the scene will contain. A true artist will have real books and the paraphernalia of scholarship in the one case, and only the furniture and decorations which good-manners and common-sense allow in the other. The artisan merely imitates a fact, while the artist reproduces the fact itself. The difference is well illustrated by the contrast between a well-dressed lady and some woman ignorant and uncouth upon whom wealth has suddenly descended.

Another suggestion in regard to artistic stage setting is the increase of comfort provided for both spectator and player. This includes such arrangements as the double and treble stage, the many ingenious devices for lessening labor, for accelerating the necessary work, for increasing the safety and comfortableness behind the curtain, and developing the æsthetic conditions of life for the actor. In this regard commendable progress has been made; so much so that in many respects the American theatre of to-day is altogether a different world from that of two generations ago.

Just as it is said to require three generations to make a gentle-